Resources; an Interpretation of the Well-rounded Life

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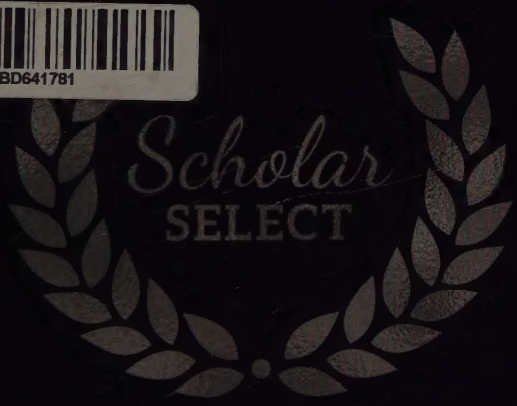

STANTON DAVIS KIRKHAM

Resources; an Interpretation of the Well-rounded Life

By STANTON DAVIS KIRKHAM

RESOURCES

An Interpretation of the Well-Rounded Life.
New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Resources

An Interpretation
of the Well-Rounded Life

By

Stanton Davis Kirkham

Author of "The Philosophy of Self-Help," "The Ministry of Beauty," "Where Dwells the Soul Serene," etc.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press
1910

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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PREFACE

IN the present race for money, the virtue of quiet and contemplative hours is apt to be lost sight of: indeed, the specious idea is gaining ground that money is the only resource. It suffices to intimate in this connection that we can buy neither health nor happiness; and as for substitutes for these, a few will answer as well as a great many.

Intellectual and spiritual resources, however, condition happiness, inasmuch as they make for a well-rounded life. The fact is worthy of emphasis that they are acquired only in the plastic years of the mind. It is then we foster the love of nature, of books, of music, and with it fashion a brain which shall serve our purpose. Age acquires no assets of this kind, and if it has laid up no treasure in its youth, must presently find itself bankrupt. While it may not be amiss to sound a warning against a possible spiritual and intellectual bankruptcy, it is surely more to the point to encourage the cultivation of the

mind's estate, that no such Nemesis may overtake us.

That which we derive from our resources will depend always upon what we are. It is ever a coefficient of character, and furthermore, a matter of perception, of a delicate as well as a disciplined response of the inner to the outer—an ear for music, an eye for nature, a feeling for books and for solitude, a love for people.

No true resource is superficial, for it must spring from a love sufficient to animate the will. It is real, not an affectation, and here is the difference between resources and fads If it be reading, it is not to take the place of thought but to stimulate us to think for ourselves; if travel, we are to journey out of ourselves, to arrive at something foreign to the narrow world we call our own, the meagre idea we know as self; if nature, the mountains must yield mountain thoughts as well as air, the woods something of more value than lumber, even companionship; society must afford sincere relations with men and women, and that rarest of stimulants—conversation; while solitude must be, not isolation, but an inner joy and peace.

Society is haunted with ghosts—men who

have died to the spiritual life, men who have died to the intellectual life, and whose physical apparitions are left to monopolise the world. The rich are popularly supposed to be they who have money—commonly men of one resource only; whereas true wealth consists in the number and variety of our resources and the extent of their cultivation. He is blessed who has found his vocation; but twice blessed is he who has discovered, in addition, his avocation. Not only does age approach him slowly, but while he lives, he has life more abundantly.

S. D. K.

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"Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth;
Or ever the evil days come,
And the years draw nigh,
When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Resources

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CHAPTER I

INTELLECT

IN a consideration of resources, it is fitting we should first regard the mind itself, the ground of all resources; and, furthermore, the all-embracing Spirit, which, while it cannot be directly perceived, makes itself known *through* us, and of which men in their divine moments receive those august intimations, the inspiration of their noblest thoughts.

The secret of any real life is to live from within, that truth and beauty may rise from the underlying source and so refresh the surface, the superficial and outer man, that he appear, not a desert of commonplace thought, but rather a garden—a wild garden perchance—such as may thrive and bloom about perennial springs, where wandering

seeds blown by the winds of heaven take root and bring forth after their kind.

In man is a well-spring of truth if he will but dig. Let him, then, not sit upon the desert sighing for rain; for truth comes from within. In him, far below all stratified beliefs and mountains of trivial thought, run and sparkle the immortal waters of life, which are one the world over, rising to the surface through cracks and fissures in the overlying strata.

The virtue of this inner life is not its own but is of the Spirit. Great is the Soul; without beginning or end. Intellect is not identical with it, but is an instrument the Soul uses by which the august Knower, sitting veiled within, makes himself known. The Soul is not what we see, but the light by which we see; not what we think, but that in virtue of which we are able to think; not that which we know, but that Unknown by whose mysterious power we know anything. It invests itself as a means, with the mind, whose superior faculties we name intellect.

Our resources depend on the manner and extent of our cultivation. Many gardens which seem fair enough, being watered by no spring, have but a tentative and precari-

ous life. Graces of the intellect should rise from sound roots in good soil and not resemble those forced and artificial creations of the horticulturist, which are for display only and fail to perform the natural functions of the flower, harbouring no nectar and inviting no bees. Only that truly adorns which is real and has use. That alone is a resource into which we have put somewhat of ourselves; while that which is cultivated from display merely yields no better returns than flattery and cheap praise.

Mankind is in pursuit of a state of mind, and the kingdom of heaven is no more than a serene point of view, a mind in harmony with the spiritual facts, suffused with the glory of the Soul. To what end, then, should we run to and fro or walk up and down the earth, save to invite the Spirit? Knowledge is not wisdom and it is by wisdom we truly live, by wisdom attain peace. And the highest use of the intellect is to so classify facts and experience, so cultivate the sense of proportion, that consciousness is prepared for the advent of truth, as a palace for the reception of a king.

One in substance, the intellect is protean in form, and every age is but a new mould

which holds it for an hour. An age of twaddle succeeds an age of cant, and only the wise observe the signs of the times. The protean intellect now fashions for itself a renaissance, anon a commercial era. The flowing tide submerges every pool and men become suddenly invested with the thought and belief of the day, imagining it to be their own.

Relieved of the pressure of ecclesiastical and traditional bonds, the world-thought now expands with liberal and democratic spirit. A little knowledge admits any man to the wonders of science. He reads understandingly of discoveries in astronomy and geology, of advances in chemical and physical research. Wherever a new channel is discovered he enters, for truth is common property. Scholars are the master marines; but who owns the sea and what are its bounds?

Not less marvellous seem the achievements of the human mind in being the results of a reaction which is cosmic. That savants should accurately determine the constitution of the distant sun, weigh the stars, and from a bone describe an animal that perished before man appeared on the earth, is indeed wonderful. But quite as astonishing is the fact that the majority of reading men can

follow them, appreciating in some degree the results of their investigations.

The cosmopolitan intellect is at home in all lands, in all times. Infinite are its modes, and every accession of knowledge but a larger acquaintance with ourselves. On the other side of the world live scholars who appear to think backward, even as they write, so different from ours is their point of view. That civilisation, proceeding with our own, yet so diverges by reason of its social and philosophic traditions as to be ruled by the dead rather than by the living, and finds such rule moral and efficient. Its scholars negate what we cherish as the ego, regarding the personality as no more than an aggregate, the mind a composite. The literature, the ideals of a whole people, are consequently influenced more by the idea of preexistence, than by any hope of immortality.

Not the least charm of the intellectual life is this diversity of landscape, these remote vistas, so unlike, opened to us through the world of books. A new language affords a larger comprehension as well as a different view of the same world. It is another light, soft and pleasing, or hard and clear, in which to view the masquerade of society; further-

more, we may at will turn that light back upon the centuries, letting it fall upon such times and places as we choose.

Foreign to our sturdy English is that subtlety and delicacy of thought, that precision of expression and capacity for finer shades of meaning which is the charm of French. There is again a charm as distinctly Italian or Spanish, and whoever is able to think in these idioms avails himself of this to see the world as with another pair of eyes. German, eminently the language of philosophy, does not readily yield to translation its compact and comprehensive terms. We are told this is equally true of the classic Sanskrit which comprehends in single philosophic terms, as in *atman*, *purusha*, *avidya*, *maya*, and the mystical *aum*, that which requires whole paragraphs of explanatory English. Each of these words might be the subject of a philosophical treatise. Translations admit us to a distant view of the past and its modes of thought; and to know the world truly is to know its youth as well as its maturity. Doubtless English is, all in all, the most satisfactory, for it is most comprehensive in that it is such a generous borrower both from the dead and the living.

Thus a little knowledge admits us to the best society in every age. We listen to the conversation of wits and courtiers; we hobnob with archæologists, geologists, and philologists; muse with philosophers and dream with poets. Where there is interest, there will the attention be held, and understanding and appreciation follow. Hence the value of cultivating interests while the mind is still plastic, for they become resources; and in proportion to the number of these, is life enriched to the possessor and the more worth living. Who does not know those sorry old men who, through absorption in affairs, have allowed the fertile fields to lie fallow, until too late, the barren intellect yields no harvest! You know nothing of music, you say; nothing of art, of nature! These things were your birthright and you have renounced them; they have knocked at your door and you would not open. Beware then the Nemesis of old age. First come the Graces, and if we will not heed, presently they depart and then appear the Furies and abide with us unto the end. It is we invite and we forbid. He is poor in spirit who has not some time in his life heard the call of the sea or of the mountains, or felt the thrill of a new vision

of truth, a new perception of beauty. Thus surges the tide into every little pool, and the thrill and ecstasy mark the individual's recognition of the universal.

The most profitable field of study, the working of the mind itself, has, by a strange fatality, received the least attention. To observe and consider the action of one's own mind may surely be regarded in the light of a resource, so marvellous and so intricate are the mental processes; but more than this it is a necessity. We are else like stupid chauffeurs who do not understand the mechanism of their own machines and hence cannot possibly run them to the best advantage. Since everything we know or do is by reason of mind, the better trained and directed its faculties, the less encumbered by negative tendencies, the more efficient instrument is it in the apprehension of truth and the more completely does it enable us to appropriate our various resources. In fact a rational practical psychology—the science of mind building—properly lies at the root of all studies.

We cannot too assiduously cultivate our resources, for as we sow, anon we shall reap. They are like the friends of our youth; in

later years we make few to take their place. Round about us stretch the woods and fields, rated in the world as an economic resource, but no less an intellectual and spiritual one. Shall they feed the stomach only? Man lives by bread and meat, but not by these alone, surely. Shall he till the soil and cultivate no friendship for birds and flowers? The forest will yield solitude or companionship as readily as it yields lumber. Nature is the object of which man is the subject. What he has uncovered within is disclosed without. A barren eye sees a barren world; but the eye of love beholds the world as beauty.

We awake to find ourselves in a labyrinth of delusions and beset with mysteries. The intellect has only imaginary limits, like the horizon, and describes for itself new and ever-widening circles. Great is its discerning power, and in rich natures it looks on at the beautiful illusion as at a play, none the less complacent that it knows it for an appearance. For the illusion is itself as wonderful as any fact. Overhead, the blue dome is not less beautiful that we know it is no dome at all; sunrise no less inspiring when we consider it is but another turn of the earth on

its axis. He who has the sense of wonder is still charmed with the appearance while pondering the fact.

But to mistake appearance for reality is to play a fool's part and to go through life the puppet of beliefs. Nature's illusions are beautiful, while the delusions of the world are folly. Society occupies itself in petty deceptions to no real purpose. It is perhaps but cold comfort to see through all these shams and to realise the poverty of life—where might be the substantial wealth of intellect and ideals. Religious cant, philosophic twaddle, social pretence, literary gush—fad, humbug, and display—what a game it is to be sure, and yet a game of surpassing interest. Underneath it all is the good heart of mankind, and a genial man may relish it even if he has discovered its emptiness. They who have perceived the sufficiency of the Soul are content to be simple and straightforward and true, and to pass for what they are.

Now the elements of culture lie in this distinction between fact and appearance as applied to conduct and ideals. The vulgar are content to seem, and there is, if you please, an educated vulgarity. Culture does not

advertise itself and pretends to nothing it has not. Springing from the heart, it is the worship of beauty and sincerity in the intellectual world. Scorning the appeal to money, to the accidents of fortune, it may reveal itself most in the use it makes of riches, of position and power—the supreme test.

A true culture must of necessity be in some degree philosophic, for the sense of proportion and the perception of values are so great a part of its office. What is worth while? Let us play for high stakes if we are to enter the game. Sooner or later it is discovered that most things are a matter of opinion; that men put on and off their opinions as they do their clothes, while beliefs, like customs, change with the climate and are somewhat a matter of geography. Men will do anything rather than think, and laugh where they do not understand. Philosophy sets itself the task of winnowing the wheat from the chaff, mindful that the latter is not necessarily a waste product, but must be known for what it is. This, some Diogenes in his tub may do, but a cultivated mind can do it to better purpose. While the daily papers and penny magazines see everything in the limelight, exaggerate, distort, and falsely

interpret, make tragedies of vulgar crimes and offer a premium for mediocrity, and the majority take their opinions from these, it is this culture which shall look calmly on and manfully declare it a tempest in a teapot. To the world prostrate before Mammon, it shall with serene tolerance proclaim the Soul whose herald it is. While men rush on in pursuit of phantoms, it shall proclaim its doctrine of true ideals, of a lasting and spiritual success; and amid the ever-increasing storm of illusions, stand solidly on the ground of character and beauty, finding its contentment in nature and the resources which are the heritage of culture alone.

Wherever the flowing tide of intellect finds a fit channel, it therewith announces itself as genius, and we are led to believe that those so distinguished may have prepared themselves in some former phase of existence, that they have long tended in this direction, and, the time being ripe, have simply and naturally borne fruit. Such men often resemble the moon, illuminated on one side while the balance is veiled in darkness. Like crystals, they are not self-effulgent but merely reflect light, and that from certain facets only.

Our ideals appear ever beyond us like

remote stars towards which we tend. Not without, they are in reality projections from within. It may happen that genius must follow a path which others do not see; not genius alone but all who seek truth. Let them realise that they walk with God and take heart. 'T is a queer world of hypnosis and sleep-walking, but if any one awake he shall know that truth will sustain him and shall dare to be. Men have been great because of their ideals and in spite of their defects. Like heroic and martial music, their faith and courage cheers and nerves every aspiring soul that essays to strike out a path for itself.

If that path be ascending, it shall afford ever broader vistas, a gradual transition from a worm's-eye to a bird's-eye view. Most men observe events from the common level and hence see them without perspective and unduly magnified. Now and again a sage sees them from above, whence they are insignificant. To him, men appear enshrouded in the obscurity of their own thoughts, as the cuttle-fish in the ink it has itself ejected. He sees them describing little circles which were but yesterday the measure of his own thought, and so understands and feels for them. But he has climbed no nearer the

stars who has not discovered the fallacy of a purely intellectual life and the greater virtues of the heart. "The more we live by intellect," says Tolstoi, "the less we understand the meaning of life."

CHAPTER II

SPIRIT

IF God is merely a matter of conjecture with us, let us frankly avow the fact and not foolishly acclaim a theory in which we have no heart. Why should we feel under obligation to assert that which we do not inwardly believe and which can therefore have no true root in us. It is a silly hypocrisy which does no one any good. Unless it is disreputable to be honest, scorn for the sceptic and agnostic is ill considered. But if God is indeed a solace and a companion, then from our hearts may we announce the true source of man's strength.

When we venture to speak of God, it must not be as of a particular concept, for that were but to repeat the fallacy of theology in positing an aggregate of magnified human attributes; but rather as the ground of all concepts—not that which may be known, but that by which we know. On the restless

sea of life, how many sailing their little course, have longed for some permanent shore on which to rest. That absolute, immutable amid ceaseless change, enduring while the phantom world passes, towards which sorrowful humanity ever yearns as the hart panteth for the water brooks—that is God.

Him we know as love, as righteousness, as beauty, as truth, as spirit, such being the manifold aspects the Omniscient wears, as the all-pervading light is resolved into its prismatic colours. A flower, we do not know in itself, but because of its colour, and yet this is not its own but is of the light. Just so is a friend no more than a particular, and to us admirable, reflection of qualities which are universal. What we admire in the flower is in reality the sun's, and what we love in a friend is the Spirit manifesting through him. If the doctrine appears mystical, be it said that man's relation to God is essentially mystical in as much as the Knower can never Himself be directly known. The inner life is a series of intimations of the unknown God of whom the cosmos is the manifestation. More than this the doctrine is one of love; and as Love is the supreme resource, the

love of God, the beginning of wisdom, so may the Spirit aptly be considered here in this relation. But while the theologian may announce and instruct his puppet god, we must be content with intimations only.

It is fruitless indeed to discuss the nature of God since infinity is not subject to definition, nor the absolute understood in terms of the relative; but on the other hand, we may profitably consider man's relation to the Infinite. What God is in the abstract we cannot say, but what God is to us, that each man may answer for himself, happy if he has established a sincere and vital relation. The constitution of the sun does not so much concern us, as that we may be in the sunshine. We are separated from God only in consciousness, and the wise, the glorified souls of earth have sought that state of mind in harmony with the divine. Not the less have a host of good but uninspired men sought the Most High unknowingly. To some He is a judge, to others a king, but he who looks upon God as a friend is instructed indeed, for love and not fear is the basis of his relationship.

Under all appearances lies the real in eternal repose, as beneath the waves rests

the vast and motionless sea. Through some inscrutable power, that which is one is beheld as many:

> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity.

In our philosophic and religious thought, seldom if ever do we attain that clearness which marks the metaphor and parable of the East, so vastly more effective is their imagery than our argument in admitting light. Take for instance that profound comparison of the rope and the snake. In the dusk one is assumed to mistake a rope for the coils of a serpent. Seeing, as he supposes, a snake, he sees no rope; but discovering his mistake he then perceives the rope and can no longer see any snake. He can never see both in one and the same act of apperception. Possessed by the illusion, he sees not the reality; discovering the reality, the illusion vanishes. So, argued the ancient seers, is it with our perception of God and the world. The strength of those Eastern thinkers lay in their recognition of unity. This was not less true of Jesus than of Krishna or Sancaracharya. God alone is, and man is one with God, as the drop is one with the

sea, the ray one with the sun. No separation does or can exist other than in consciousness. The whole problem of religion, nay the problem of life, is one of realisation. Realise that which is eternally true with reference to thyself and God. Our spiritual progress is in consciousness only and consists in uncovering the Soul. Ever the sun shines while the clouds pass over the earth; ever the Soul is serene and omniscient while the mind is enveloped in the mists of doubt and ignorance.

As the sunbeam partakes of the nature of the sun and has no life of itself, existing in virtue of the sun only, so does the individual Soul partake of the Spirit and is itself not susceptible to change. "Neither is it ever born nor doth it die." We must address ourselves to the *realisation* of the Soul, that we may bring it into consciousness, as the sunlight pierces the fog and dispels the gloom.

Alas we erect barriers of sand against an inexorable sea. In a world of change, what more evanescent than personality! an aggregate of states of mind, which now we name youth, anon age. While we cling to the form, that which animates it eludes us and is gone and another takes its place. We are not one but a series. Who then is my friend,

of all these fleeting phantoms? Is it not the good in him which holds me—and what is that but God? God it is whom—all unconsciously—we search out and love amid these many guises; He it is who drew us in the child, and He again in the man—

> The One remains, the many change and pass,
> Ah believe that though earth pass and heaven fall—"thy soul and God stand sure."

It were futile to dwell on this platitude of the impermanence of all things, were it not to emphasise the nearness of that which we call God, and to indicate, if may be, that beneath all quaking bogs is solid ground. It is the great heart of all we love; of that we receive intimations through the beauty of character and intellect. The more we love, the nearer are we drawn to God, the more closely folded in the embrace of the Spirit. Let us take heart! Let us renew our faith in the established order, which having conducted us to this point through an immeasurable past, shall no less surely guide in the future. Reflections of this character promote in us the assurance of a beneficent compensation divinely woven into the warp and woof of life; a conviction that the loss

must be such to our imperfect vision only, that the good is in proportion to our deserts. In the deprivation of death is relinquished that only which had no permanent and hence no real existence. In our saner moments we are constrained to establish truer and less superficial relations; that is to say, with the Spirit rather than with the clay.

Religion—the religion of the heart—is the cultivation of the relation to God, as a resource—the fundamental resource. We may set up, if we wish, a personal God, but this can never be other than a projection of our own thought, and subject to change with an enlarging conception. Like an immovable screen upon which pictures are thrown, stands the absolute—the background of all concepts. Not yet have we defined electricity and yet more and more we appropriate it. Precisely so may we appropriate the divine energy in becoming efficient instruments, while Spirit itself remains superior to our concepts. Thence have we power, and no man has yet seen the end. We resemble those slender wires through which a vast energy may flow. The energy is not of the wire, but uses it merely. If there is a break it escapes, and thus do we human conduits

dissipate the forces of which we are mediums of transmission. The problem is to increase the efficiency, that it shall not be ten per cent merely and the balance wasted, but ninety per cent if may be. Never yet has the world taken the final measure of a man. He is that variable which forever approaches infinity. As the shell fish on the beach are unaware of man's existence, so are we little justified in assuming that beyond our present range of consciousness there may not exist other and higher beings, as far removed from us, as are we from the shell fish.

The method of increasing our efficiency, attaining God-consciousness is surely a practical consideration. We are thrilled at the suggestion of this power. Because money is power of a sort, the world is dollar mad; but who that knows the repose and satisfaction of the inner life would willingly part with it for any worldly consideration? Peace cometh with understanding, and with that alone. Rest assured our spiritual efficiency is not increased in conventions and debates, but in meditation. Great is the power of silence. It is possible to so discipline the consciousness that it will react in a definite way, serving as a clear and flawless glass with which

to observe the world and which will at the same time permit the inner light to shine forth.

Self-knowledge, the Aryan seers truly affirmed to be the path to God. It is the most ancient of philosophic doctrines—and the most profound. Popularly attributed to the Delphic oracle, it was really the watchword of mystical India. To know the Self, meant not to explore the superficial consciousness but to transcend consciousness; that is, to lose the sense of separateness and gain the sense of union. In the Kata-Upanishad, the Soul or Self is described as riding in a chariot, the body the chariot, the intellect the charioteer, the mind the reins, the senses the horses, the objects of the senses their roads. In the Gita, it is compared to the wind, which passing over the flowers takes their perfume. Thus the Soul appears as invested with the qualities which really pertain to nature. God they recognised as the eternal substance which appears as both subject and object. But, as through consciousness we can only know our concept of a thing, and never the thing—in—itself, we cannot in this way know God. Thus far and no farther Herbert Spencer proceeds and naturally posits the

Supreme as the Unknowable. These bold thinkers go farther and say that through superconsciousness God may be directly known, that through complete inhibition of all conscious processes, the eternal may be realised at last. In that apparent void, they affirm, rises the star of truth. It is too daring a venture for Western thinkers, but not so with these giants of the spiritual foreworld. Theirs was the vision ineffable which, since the dawn of history, has laid India under a spell. This was the prophetic dream of Asia, the cradle of religion and of philosophy. And if Asia be said to wake, it is but a sleep-walking and the material hypnosis of the West. Her life, her vision, her beauty, are of the remote past. The flowers of that life are the Upanishads, the Gita, the Sutras, the Tao Teh King, the wisdom literature of Palestine. That vision, like a vanishing comet, was still seen by Plotinus and Porphyry, by Philo the Jew and Jesus the Christ.

In all this, I do not aim to expound a system of Yoga to a workaday world, but merely to intimate that if—in common parlance—a man has found himself, has found his centre, he has laid the only firm foundation on which to build character; and, what

is more, such intellectual interests as he may discover will prove not fads but true resources.

It is in solitude we draw near to God; in passive states the mind is uplifted and dominated by its perception of truth, and the thought is at rest from wandering over the earth. It is as though the din and clamour of machinery were replaced by the pleasant hum of bees and the perfume of flowers. Deep and true is the satisfaction of these Elysian moments, all too rare. Ineffable is the presence of God in the silence; God who peoples the lonely places; who fills the heart which has become as that of a child. We are bathed in that supernal light which pierces the cold clouds of mortality. In such times of illumination it is given us to see the world in its true proportions and through the thin shell of matter almost to detect the majestic outlines of the Spirit. It is a new heaven and a new earth—for it is a new man who beholds them; or rather is it the vision of one who awakes for a moment, only to sink again into a Lethean slumber.

Through some inscrutable power, all Nature appears to be in conspiracy to deceive; forever the universal lures us through the

particular, the impersonal beckons us in the person. God then is the solace of our lives, and above anything we know is the Unknown dear to us. The Spirit possesses and instructs that man who divests himself of dogma and belief and makes the love of God his religion, and he has life more abundantly. Liberty is in the spiritual mind, and only as we invite the Spirit do we cast off the shackles which bind. For the Spirit in us is free while consciousness is enslaved by ignorance and fear.

We live by considerations of love, of character, of intellect. Yet God is the essence of these, the all-pervading Love, the eternal Reason; and when in those despairing days which come ever and anon to the lonely heart, all things appear to fail, it is none the less immersed in that which it seems to lack; for in God we live and move, and life other than this there is none. The companionship of the Spirit is ours, yet with sorrowful eyes we sit and watch all things slip from us into the sea of oblivion. If you ask how there can be companionship with the impersonal, bear in mind that it is God always we have loved under the guise of the personal. We have not tired of love,

of beauty, of truth, but only as these were imperfectly manifest in particular persons have they failed to content us. In our expanding nature ever our habitation grows too small and we must move on. In us is the divine *wanderlust*. Our life is a camp for a night upon the desert; in the morning comes the call to depart, and we press on we know not whither. But it is the Holy Land we seek, the solid ground of the real; our grail-motif, the call of the Spirit. And while some advance knowingly, we are, for the most part, like the stupid but faithful rank and file, who at the command, march, they know not whither, to fight, they know not who nor why.

It was the profound utterance of a mystic that we must be born again if we would enter the Kingdom of God—for such is of the Spirit and not of the flesh. The heart in us shall be renewed to the end that it be in love with spiritual and not with material things. Peace cometh only with singleness of heart; where there is a division of consciousness there is war. Such trial and tribulation have we through the personal with its multiplicity of desires that in a sort of despair we have come to speak of the dead as at rest

—as if there were no rest till then. Yet here among us are now and again consecrated lives which belie our fear; men and women who have come to relinquish their personal desires and to universalise their thought, until in them burns a pure and spiritual light. They are the silken tassel waving in the sun, while we are still seed corn in the ground.

Living by the Spirit is more than piety or morality; it is an inner life, an inner dependence, an inner joy. It is not a reasoning about God but a feeling for God. When a man has found himself he comes to rest, like a flame out of the wind. The source of his strength is not in circumstance but in the Spirit. The spiritual life is a stratum of being, deeper than the intellectual, which forever remains calm however troubled the surface. Physical life is meat and drink; spiritual life, righteousness and peace. Man is a stream whose origin is in God. Let philosophers and theologians argue as they please about the nature of Deity; what really concerns us is the obvious fact that the stream must be open to its source.

CHAPTER III

LOVE

INTELLECT is easily a tyrant, and all the more that we are under the necessity of cultivating it, does it assume the rôle of autocrat. Yet there is one greater than the intellect, namely, the good heart, and its language is not that of the world. While the intellect has many tongues, only that has been great which has voiced some fragmentary message of love. All are ephemeral, but the language of the heart has remained unchanged.

One of the remarkable facts of our existence is that we live in two worlds of consciousness, one spiritual, the other intellectual and material. We in the intellectual are forever in search of ourselves in the spiritual world, although frequently denying its very existence. Only as we are born again do we wholly perceive our relation to that sphere where not law but love obtains. For the

two worlds have little in common, inasmuch as they represent premises so distinctly at variance that the best conclusions drawn from one can have no bearing upon the other.

In the gospels, especially in John, is the most profound recognition of this disparity in any literature. Jesus was above all the apostle, not of the intellect but of the heart, and His was the sublime utterance of love. Not power, not ability, not genius, but the heart of a child shall admit us to that Elysium which is righteousness and peace. Blessed are not the intellectual as such, but rather the pure in heart.

The intellect can do no more than translate this lofty idiom in terms of its own dialect. Science reveals to us the nature of the sun but gives us no sunlight; the properties of water but quenches not the thirst. Love is concerned, not with facts of sun and water, but is itself the light of the world, the water of life. It is apprehended in terms of feeling rather than of thought. The intellect is ground glass; the ordinary ambitions of men a pall, yet upon these streams love's supernal light, as the sun shines upon the clouds which envelop the earth.

The moralist does no more than indicate its effect upon conduct and should know that love writes no treatises on morals or ethics but writes itself. We may say of it as a resource, that it is a refuge from the intellect, from the selfishness of the world—above all, from our own selfishness,—into which we may escape as into some pure and celestial region. If we are cold, we do not read a treatise on the sun, but go into the sunshine and are warmed; even so there is little to be said of love. Only let the sayer himself sit in the sunshine as he writes, that a ray may fall aslant his page and be reflected again.

He may intimate, if no more, how empty are all resources if love has gone out of the heart; what a tower of confusion the intellect builds if love has no part in its life—and the bitter experience of every man shall arise like a ghost from the tomb and assent. It is the touchstone which turns to gold resources which otherwise become ashes. Would we turn to Nature? then must we have the bird in our hearts. Society? it is but a mockery, and conversation a wine that leaves an unpleasant taste—without love. Without it, solitude is isolation and travel the weary

pursuit of a phantom; work—toil, thinking—unprofitable, and success—failure. A loveless life is a sunless world and perhaps this is the last word that can be said.

The world bids us assert our self-interest and its ideal is selfishness. Love declares that he who loseth his life shall find it; and thus they who are greatest in love, may easily be least in the world. The perversion of the doctrine has been the teaching that we should relinquish here only that we may have more hereafter, and this is sustained by neither philosophy nor common sense. If that were all, better with Omar,—"take the cash and let the credit go." Truth speaks ever from beyond time and space, and hence the difficulty of translating the spiritual in terms of the phenomenal in which we are immersed as a fish in water. The philosophic ground of this same doctrine is one with that of the liberty of the Soul. It is one divine Self in all men. A life of self-seeking is a life of illusion and we dig from the pit of selfishness only fools' gold. Whatever we seem to take from another we abstract from ourselves by an exact compensation. We live in a moral universe wherein we cannot so much as escape the result of a single

thought, and yet we imagine we throw dice with the gods and by a clever system may win. Let a man forever ask himself: What is real? Let him know that he himself is heaven and hell—himself the jury and himself the judge. *He* sows—*he* reaps. We plant in the fields of illusion and harvest only tares. If we seek to appear, rather than to be, then must we be content with the appearance of happiness. Never yet has any man gathered figs from thistles.

Love and wisdom are but higher levels of our estate. From the confusion of the lower planes we may ascend into the peace of high places; that is to say, we may escape from self-love which knows no peace, into that divine and selfless love which is peace itself. Self-love is the enchantress who, like wine, ever promises that which she has it not in her power to give. The world is her dupe and all her assurances yield in the end but despair. How shall one ascend while he is burdened with ambition and the multitude of desires? "Only the light armed get to the top," and renunciation of this sort has better grounds in a practical psychology than ever it had in Christian piety. Work! counselled the sages—but without attachment.

Work for love of the work and love shall be the reward; work for love of gain and bread shall turn to gravel in the mouth. Now and again some great traveller has visited the earth and to its purblind inhabitants has seemed an archangel of God, but he was no more than the simple apostle of love descending among us from above; his revelation, the alphabet of a more exalted idiom. If a man stand on a mountain, by what argument shall he convince those below of that which he so plainly sees? He can but call to them to come up, and when they stand where he stands, they shall see for themselves.

What is a leaf without the branch, a branch without the tree, the tree without the earth, or earth without the sun? And if a leaf were to have consciousness and imagine its life its own and consisted in opposing the other leaves on the tree, what would it avail? Yet precisely such in our ignorance is our attitude. While the world is mad for possession, love possesses itself and is content. He who truly lives by it, dwells with God and all things are his. For as the sense of the personal diminishes, the perception of the universal increases. When

love opens his eyes he comes forth from that prison which is of his own building. No longer selfish and unrelated, he allies himself with the heart of things and into him passes the strength of the strong, the wisdom of the wise. This is his portion who opens the door of self and stands in the full light of day. When he has consciously linked himself with the source, he shall no longer think of *his* strength, *his* will, *his* intelligence, but of the one love, will, and intelligence of which he has made himself a more efficient instrument. It is no miracle that he lives by a higher law in proportion as he is great and impersonal in his aims, and the love of God may have supplanted in him the love of self; no more a miracle than that the cicada after its transformation should cease grubbing in the earth to fly in the sunshine.

Believe in your heart that the good God is love, is all in all. Believe that love is the reality, like light suffusing your being, and hate and fear no more than darkness, the power of evil but the sinister thought of the world. Believe and live! Love and fear can no more subsist together than can light and darkness, and love casteth out fear, even as darkness vanishes before the rays

of the sun. The spiritual mind is a world of light. Only a lower order of thought can subsist in an atmosphere of fear, as only an inferior order of life can maintain itself in darkness. Many minds are infested with fear, and in their gloomy chambers, timorous thought lives pale and wan. But who can predict the hour when love, the liberator, shall knock at the door of consciousness!

Love has its counterfeits and as often as not, fear itself masquerades—a wolf in sheep's clothing. We cannot too often remind ourselves that in perfect love is no anxiety. Love is care free; love has faith; love is serene. Deeper must we go and deeper yet. Personal love must rest on the love of God, else it will fail. Can love be suspicious and distrustful? Or is it fear in which we live, and must we, like the poor Indian, make a show of propitiating the gods before whom we tremble? If we would but believe in the living God!

The best sermon on love was written perhaps in the first century, but it has remained for the present to add the force of practical application, for these are practical times. No one doubts to-day the moral cause of

some diseases and that an exaggerated egotism and selfishness are responsible for many nervous disorders. The self-centred is like one who persistently pokes his finger into his own eye; irritation follows and inflammation may ensue. Remove the pressure and the normal condition is re-established. There must be love currents in the mind, as there must be circulation in a lake if the water is not to stagnate. Let the self-centred and egotistical take their thoughts off themselves; let them take their fingers out of their eyes. Love is the cure and selfishness the disease.

As a ray of light in a dark room reveals the dust and cobwebs, love by its presence and without criticism discloses the defects of character. With no assumption and without pretence, it works silently and beneficently as the sunlight. And for lack of it how troublesome are our days. That we might see that the little things make up life! So many giants die of pin pricks. So many houses there are, but so few homes—all for lack of considerateness. Who will allow us the luxury of our little mistakes; who is there will criticise only in love and after much reflection; who will put himself in another's

place ere he judge; who will hold his peace and bridle his thoughts; who help without assuming to dictate, to patronise, to disapprove? Verily when the angel reads, he shall be first. Alas! the spirit of criticism is ever abroad in the land. The village is infected with gossip, the professions with jealousy. Over this sorry scheme brood the vultures of despair—theirs is the harvest. If we need salvation 't is from this, and behold love is the saviour.

Though the world be an appearance, it nevertheless answers a purpose. If the personal be an illusion, it still serves the ends of the impersonal. In much that we do we are puppets of Nature who ever deceives us into thinking we act for ourselves. We marry that the species may be perpetuated and our little pleasures are the sops she throws us. She uses our bones to fertilise the fields and our flesh to feed worms withal —that other species may live and propagate. The flesh is clay in her hands. Hers is the passion; hers the result—and we the unsuspecting means. The love of any man for any woman voices the immeasurable past, and at the door of their union cries the unborn future. But all the time we are serving

greater ends than these and love silently fulfils its ministry in us. Life is a process of relinquishment. We may venture to assume that the world exists,—or appears,—to one supreme end; not as some would have us believe, that species may propagate and their bones fertilise the soil, but that the spiritual man should arise and go hence, the Soul be divested of the last holds of illusion and return to its native freedom.

If the fond delusions of youth fade, as fade they must, shall they not be replaced by companionship whose basis is loyalty and truth? The illuminating effect of personal love is that one shall question and examine himself that he become more worthy the object of his affection. If it do not so, it is no love at all but a counterfeit merely; and you shall know it is spurious by the result. We beget children to serve Nature, but in the sacrifice we make for them, in the purification of ourselves, in the growth of character, we serve love and the end justifies the means.

Let any man write or speak sincerely of love in its divine and essential character, and he shall feel that he preaches better than he lives; that not for one day has he

observed its maxims. Yet shall he write none the less for being but an indifferent channel of that truth which uses him. Perchance he shall evolve no more than a treatise on the sun; and again, it may be, his page shall reflect a ray of sunshine.

CHAPTER IV

WISDOM

AS love is that leaven without which all were flat and stale, wisdom is the revelation of true values. To the man of perception, resources assume their just proportions and stand related; for resources are such only as they fit into life. It is the living counts and our life may be compared to a mosaic of which these are the pieces. We are destined to be men, and not merely painters, musicians, or merchants—not merely readers, talkers, and thinkers; and it is as men, and as wise men if may be, that we shall read and observe and speak.

He was truly a wise man who counselled that with all our getting we should get understanding; for without it how shall the rich spend, or the talented direct their ability, or we avail ourselves to the best advantage of our powers and resources. We have examples enough of men who see

their single resource, their one talent, out of focus; men of one idea who have acquired no solid character upon which to graft it. On the other hand men of fads, dilettantes in art as they are dilettantes in life, with whom music is a fad—health, religion, philosophy, all fads. We must first live, and plant our feet squarely, and this wisdom shall help us to do.

It signifies little to us that two and two make four if we have not a perception of the fact. Upon perception, or lack of it, rests the superstructure of any life—be it modified never so much by temperament. Let two men perceive that life is essentially spiritual, not material, and one may be a poet, the other a farmer, but they will orient themselves accordingly. It is not by agreement that two and two are four, or that the radius of the circle bears a definite ratio to the circumference. Truth is truth, independent of opinion, and wisdom is the adaptation, not to opinion, but to fact. You know that you are, but if the fool should ask for proof, what will you say? You may deny God, but all the while it is by reason of God that you have the mind wherewith to deny. The cynics were wont to say that

everything was a matter of opinion, and they expressed a half truth. There will always be a large class of men to whom their particular opinion is truth, and all other opinions error. More than one deep lake is believed by the simple to have no bottom; but the geologist can tell precisely what rock constitutes the floor and to what age it belongs. Underlying the sea of opinions is a bed of truth, and all the storms of that illusory sea have not changed the eternal facts.

The parable of the man who built his house upon the rock so that when the winds blew, it stood, contains the essence of wisdom. In what shall we put our trust? Wisdom crieth aloud but the man in the street bows down none the less to his golden calf. O great calf, in thee we trust! Things are not what they seem and wisdom is a sixth sense, apprehending verities and applying them to life: such as that man is spirit; that the universe is a moral order in which cause and effect are bound up together; that we react upon our opinions, and that these may be changed; that heaven or harmony is an inner state. "Drink and be merry!" cries the fool, "for to-morrow we die." "Aye, and reap the harvest," adds wisdom.

It is a prudence of a higher order which would know just what is to pay for our seeming pleasures, our ambitions, and if a poor bargain, discourages it. So much that is cheap proves dear in the end, and that which comes without effort may be of little worth. At what value shall we reckon praise and blame, fame and position? All things are relative and what men set their hearts upon may easily prove a hindrance to their peace of mind. Civilised men sacrifice honour and self-respect for a little gold, while the poor savage will exchange his gold for some glass beads.

Men live by fads and fancies and follow the prevailing ideas as they do the fashions; truth and error, health and disease, war and peace—all are contagious. States of war, eras of learning, religious revivals, are epidemics in which men are swept along in the flood. Witness the crusades, the explorations, the conquests. There have been epidemics of monasticism, of alchemy, of crinoline, of bicycles, but never yet an epidemic of sanity. Now sanity is the flower of wisdom. In religion it is the middle path; in philosophy, reason; in ways of living it is simplicity; in eating and drinking, modera-

tion. Nature has appointed to us hours of sleep and made certain requirements with respect to food and exercise and cleanliness. The common prudence which recognises these is sanity, the sanity of the animal; and while with respect to our physical life we are animals—vertebrates, mammals, primates—yet we are less sane in this low order of prudence than the beasts. A higher prudence recognises the social, ethical, and spiritual needs of the thinker who inhabits this body. He needs truth as he needs bread; solitude as well as society; love no less than money; recreation as much as work. These are his higher necessities, not as a vertebrate, but as a man, and he is sane in the ratio of his recognition and application of the fact. As the sanity of the athlete counsels him to use his muscles if they are to be efficient, so must the intellectual man exercise his will and mentality, the spiritual man his spiritual faculties. It is but a higher order of the same prudence that counsels a man to rest and to eat wisely; which in turn admonishes him not to be just and kind and true, if he would militate against his own well-being. Health is moral and spiritual no less than physical, and the vices of the inner man are fear, malice,

and insincerity. The common insanity of the ages is the slavery to the body, the belief that the body is the man, rather than his instrument merely; and hence the over-stimulation of sense activity. The very opposite mania has possessed the mind of the East, and lo, the dismal ascetic! One is as far removed from sanity as the other. To the eye of wisdom, the body, of small consequence in itself, is vastly important as a means, as the efficient medium of higher activities.

Above all does this higher prudence guard the sanctity of the mind, and obviously for the reason that through the mind we know what we know, and hence it should be kept pure, serene, and free. If it is warped, how can we know anything truly? To look through a distorting glass is to see all things distorted. If the mind be dominated by sensations, it is a ruffled lake and cannot possibly reflect the heavens until the surface is again at rest. "If we live truly, we shall see truly" is the maxim upon which the wise man may base his life, for it is the root idea of wisdom. To this end it counsels simplicity; to this end it would preserve tranquillity. To it, the greatest of all possessions is self-possession. And the mania

for things is strong in the ratio that one lacks this. Self-restraint, moderation, simplicity, are not so much in themselves, but important as they minister to true living and thence to clear seeing. Whatever way of life obstructs the instrument of the mind is inimical. A man is his own enemy and his own friend. As a little alcohol or a little opium may make the world appear in a different light, so there are various false ideals which are mind-poisons and so disturb the mind as to completely colour its view of the world. The very complexity of modern civilisation unfits us for quiet and serene thought. But do we gain anything half so dear as what we lose? Wisdom has no part in the din and hubbub, the greed and ostentation of our present mode of life. Rather are her ways the ways of pleasantness and her paths are peace. Since we react, not directly upon our sensations of the outer world, but upon the opinions within us to which these give rise, if these opinions are just, there is the less chance of our being disturbed. An unrestrained or undisciplined mind cannot well arrive at true conclusions, and is thus more or less disorganised by every message the afferent nerves bring in.

While into a mind that is serene and well poised, the man shall retire at will as into some sanctuary, some retreat from the noisy world without, and from the vantage of that inner silence and harmony may view the passing show with equanimity.

Wisdom is not any particular theory of life, which to-day is true and to-morrow is not; it is the uncommon sense of men in all times, and the best proverbs of any people are universal in their application. For let customs and manners differ never so much, human nature is one. Men behaved in much the same way in Nineveh as they do in New York, for they had the same passions and were more or less amenable to the same reason. The passion is in nature, the reason is eternal, and men went through their puppet motions then as they do now, as they will a thousand or ten thousand years hence. Some lived to their senses while others practised restraint; some were tranquil and others the prey of conditions. The wisdom of the Chinese, the Hebrews, the Greeks is quite as applicable to us as to them. It is in fact not of the East nor of the West but is eternal reasonableness, which wherever perceived constrains a man to live accordingly, whether

Yaveh or Jove or Osiris, or the three and thirty thousand gods be ascendant in his day. A change from falernian to champagne, from togas to frock coats, from chariots to motor cars is insignificant. The same man drinks and rides or is ridden. The same riches take to themselves wings; the same fears and sorrows haunt the mind. It is vanity now as it was vanity then.

But whenever he has been amenable to this eternal reasonableness, man has been temperate and just in his relations; he has regarded death as but another change and has freed himself as far as he could from the wheel of things, deeming his peace of mind of more value than all things whatsoever. We fashion our life according to our ideals. Whatever ideal is accepted, the faculties like faithful workmen at once begin to model upon these lines, until the very expression of the face gives acquiescence.

These ideals enter and inhabit us like so many good or evil spirits, peering forth from the eyes of the man as from the windows of a house. In this house dwells Greed; in that Patience; here Pleasure looks out upon the world; there Courage; and from these windows Love beams afar. Now the ideals of wisdom

have not changed from the foundation of the world.

National ideals, however, do constantly change, and as many men accept without further thought the faith and the politics of their fathers, so they absorb the spirit of the times in which they live, whether the age be spiritual or material, martial or industrial. But whatever the fashion in these things, love and not hate, peace and not strife, sincerity and not pretence are the true ideals, the children of wisdom. Whatever the world cry up or down for the moment, the fact remains that this life is transitory and he who heapeth up riches knoweth not who shall spend them.

In the interminable stretch of time, the endless reach of space, as long as there is birth there shall be death, and whatever is manifest shall be temporal and fleeting. But He who holds the seven little seas in the hollow of His hand—He changeth not. Ever and forever truth is inevitable; whatever is is best, and whatever is not best is but a seeming. The wise are ever they who discover and adapt themselves to this inevitable, while committed but provisionally to the appearance; and be there never so many tempests in the little teapot of the world,

they shall know them for what they are. To be upright and to think no evil; to love truth and beauty more than money or power; to esteem the tranquillity of the mind above the applause of men—this is the path of serenity.

In relation to destiny, wisdom has an equally practical application. If a man knows that two and two are four, he will figure accordingly, but if he believe the sum to be three, or five, all his computations must suffer. They who believe that a hypothetical chance or fate is governing their lives are making just such a false calculation, and to them destiny is something altogether external and alien to their thought, which at the same time is moulding and crushing their lives by an iron necessity. Yet to-day is creating to-morrow and the thoughts of the hour project their long shadows ahead.

States of consciousness picture themselves in conditions and the mental attitude attracts its like. You may know which way the wind blows by the outward signs, but the wind itself you cannot see. So is the energy of thought, like the invisible wind, blowing the sands of life this way or that. If the energy be misdirected it creates havoc.

We are easily lost in this subject of destiny, inasmuch as the eternal why is beyond us. But there is one thing to be borne in mind; it is not known *why* the atoms of certain elements have an affinity while others do not, but we know that they *do* and we know their valance and the conditions under which they react in a given way, and witness the immense and practical application of this knowledge in the arts. Similarly, we do not know why certain effects follow given causes in human life, nor why we are here, nor why we are at all; but we do know the relation and sequence of cause and effect. While over the cosmic destiny of man we have no influence, over the individual destiny we have control in proportion as we wisely direct the energy of the mind by a disciplined will acting in accordance with principles of love and truth.

Let us be serene then. It were worth while to be cheerful if for no better reason than that it aids digestion. They are dead and buried who but yesterday disturbed themselves to so little purpose, and much of their trouble was of their own making. They bequeathed us the lesson of their virtues and their vices. They taught us how little it

all amounted to, apart from the example of a sane and noble life. Far away to the hills of Peace still stretches the ancient path of wisdom—stretches and waits for us.

CHAPTER V

THINKING

IN the present chapter we shall consider the mind in a purely practical relation; that is, with reference to its commoner activities and their influence on the body. It is obvious that sane and wholesome thinking tends to a balanced state of mind; it is equally true, if less evident, that such thinking reacts upon the viscera, influencing their functions through the nerve centres by which they are controlled. The mind itself may generate either healthy or diseased thought; quite as an organ of the body may produce normal or abnormal secretion, acting under favourable or adverse conditions. It is the province of reason to define the normal activity of the mind, as it is the function of the will to direct the mental machinery in accordance therewith. It is possible to fortify the reasoning faculty, as it is possible to train and

strengthen the will, and it is this consideration, together with the positive results ensuing, which lends practical interest to the subject.

We may think as we will—but never without results, and ignorance is no excuse in the eyes of the law. The mind's activity is well-nigh incessant, yet its energy is but little directed with reference to itself and its own well-being. To one who has recognised, in some degree, correct laws of thinking, and who guards and cherishes his moments, such thinking becomes a resource. The profitable reaction is the reward he reaps. But over and above any immediate returns, the mental constitution is thus being insured against the future; precisely as we may say that a reasonably simple and natural mode of life, free from dissipation, fortifies the physical constitution against possible inroads of disease. The most available of resources, the art of mind-building is in no wise a matter of sentiment, but a practical affair to be dealt with in the most matter-of-fact way.

Such mind as we have is, as it were, the glass with which we take cognisance of the world; a glass whose focus is regulated by

temperament and whose efficiency depends upon the degree of intelligence. If the lens be out of focus, the unhappy observer necessarily beholds a distorted world. The eye itself does not see, neither does the ear hear. These are but receivers for certain vibrations which are communicated to the brain and there registered. The message, read and interpreted as sensation, enters the stream of consciousness, to influence in turn the association of ideas. In the same manner a telegraph key receives and records messages from the wires; but it is the operator who reads and interprets, while he to whom the message is addressed, undergoes a still more complex mental reaction.

In looking at an object—and so, in observing the world at large—we see never the thing in itself. If one look at a flower, he sees the flower plus the content of his own mind; what he knows is the resultant. Whatever task we essay, whatever study, it is with such mind and character as we have, and we can do only as well as these permit. Any defect, as of indolence, of immorality, even prejudice, will be an obstacle to its furtherance. So, in steering the course of a single day in the ordinary pursuits of life, defective

thinking is a constant hindrance and leaves us with headache and out of our course. Hence the significance of mind-building and of habits of right thinking.

We feed the mind, not with breakfast food, as the quacks would have us believe, but on thought, and the problem is, therefore, to give it that which is nourishing and will strengthen, and not that which may poison and debilitate.

The relation of mind and body has been harped upon of late, until unfortunately enough the idea has slipped into the sea of platitudes, where its significance is lost to any but earnest thinkers. Yet at the risk of being platitudinous, let us again briefly consider this relation. Every thought has a direct action upon some part of the body. It may be so slight as to be inappreciable; or, it may be counterbalanced by other thought currents and its effect rendered null. As the surface of a soap-bubble reflects changes in the sky, so the physical organism faithfully reproduces mental changes. Upon consideration, it is as natural it should do so as that the surface of the lake should reflect passing clouds. The illustration serves no further, for the body, unlike the mobile

face of the waters, may suffer change through these reflections. Presumably the process is as follows; the emotion, whatever it may be, propels itself as a particular vibration from a nerve centre to the organ controlled, and influences the function of that organ. If it be a healthful emotion it doubtless stimulates and the result is beneficial. A happy state of mind certainly tends to increase the activity of digestive and assimilative functions, assisting them, if there is no chronic condition to interfere, to act normally. A dinner eaten under such auspicious circumstances may reasonably be expected to be digested and assimilated. Conversely, any negative emotion, such as fear, anger, sorrow, will produce an opposite effect, and if of sufficient force will inhibit the flow of the gastric juices in such a way as to interfere with normal processes and produce indigestion. Habitual indulgence in negative emotions must result in continual interference with the activity of these organs and produce what appears as chronic disease. Organs may thus become temporarily incapable of acting normally, whatever the state of mind. At the same time restoration is possible and to be expected when the false condition has been replaced

by true thinking and sufficient time has elapsed in which to allow nature to rehabilitate the past. Nature always works for health, and what is called disease is as often as not merely her effort to regain equilibrium. Certain negative and false states of mind may be likened to a tight shoe, or a cinder in the eye, producing an irritation in some corresponding part of the body. Remove the pressure and nature herself will heal.

In experimenting with animals by training particular faculties in certain individuals, the corresponding brain areas in those whose faculties have been stimulated are far more developed than in individuals not thus treated; that is, cellular growth has been produced by taking thought. We are justified in the inference that any mental state, sufficiently indulged, will promote the growth of cells in a specific brain-area; and, furthermore, that the brain will in time function more readily or more powerfully in that direction, be it normal or otherwise. As a matter of fact, the speech-centre is as undeveloped in the brain of an infant as in that of an ape; the human mind develops this area and fits it for use. In the ape it remains unchanged. The most significant revelation of psycho-

physiology is the fact that while the sense-areas of the brain are congenital, the "mind" areas are acquired. In learning a new language there is a corresponding development, and Broca's convolution has been aptly compared to a shelf on which the mind places book after book as it acquires knowledge. If the cultivation of the æsthetic sense, for instance, will so influence the development of specific brain-areas that the organ becomes a more efficient instrument for the perception and expression of beauty, it must be equally true that a constant tendency to fear, irritability, or criticism also produces an effect on the brain which will then respond more readily to the stimulus of these ideas. The converse is of course true that brain areas may remain undeveloped through inhibition of those faculties which should function through them.

These hints will serve, perhaps, to emphasise the expediency of correct habits of thought. Bad thinking is as much to be disparaged as are bad manners. We are literally ill-bred in this respect, for we were not taught as children how to think, and now we must suffer the results of this defective training. While it is quite possible, few

overcome their ill-bred thinking; as few ever conceal in after life the lack of breeding. Habits of thought tend to crystallise and become fixed, and a little reflection and observation show that it is not only the brain that may be affected, but the entire body as well; the expression of the eye, the speech, the posture, the walk, all reveal modes of thought, and from them may be read what manner of man we are, in spite of all pretences.

There are chronic states of mind to which all are more or less subject. Some are habitually genial; others irritable or morose. A majority are monomaniacs—men of one idea; in one it is religion, in another money, in a third invalidism. Some perpetually fuss over their food; others over the dampness. Many are the mere puppets of their prejudices. This monomania is a slow hypnosis wherein the victim is self-hypnotised by an unvarying current of thought—a constant suggestion—until the brain is altered and the face moulded by it. Money and disease are the common agents of this hypnosis to-day, and we have more money and more diseases than ever before in the history of the world.

In this connection we may consider the reaction of beliefs. To such as are unac-

customed to observe the working of the mind, a belief is quite as shadowy as a ghost, and as little worthy of serious consideration. The mere fact, they aver, that one believes something will act thus and so is of no consequence. Now the truth is, it has profound significance and the point is this: whereas the object of belief may, or may not, act, the *thought itself* does react upon the mind and thence upon the body. A belief has vitality and power which it receives from the will and which it relinquishes once it severs connection with feeling. While it may be dropped from consciousness, if it has not been negated entirely, it persists in subconsciousness and retains some measure of influence. It may be compared to a parasite, deriving nourishment at the expense of its host, which may so develop as eventually to destroy the organism supporting it. False beliefs are truly the parasites of the mind, sapping its vitality as literally and as effectively as tropical creepers strangle their victims.

There are people who think others are plotting against them, and such ideas may arise without any foundation in fact and continue until insanity ensues; there are others who are convinced men are all hypocrites and who

feed this notion until they are unwilling to admit and unable to recognise worthy motives. Such beliefs are cancers eating into the mind, and the end is despair. We find a series of religious beliefs, though since the decline of Puritan theology they are much less potent than formerly. The most active class of beliefs to-day has reference to disease and hygiene. With opinions of this sort the world has always been afflicted, and those of one generation are usually ridiculous to the next. Doubtless anthropoid apes hold beliefs of their own, nor, perhaps, do the angels escape.

It appears that every man is endowed with his own set of hygienic superstitions. He associates certain conditions with drafts, dampness, and various foods and drugs, and claims to base his conclusions on experience. Others come to precisely opposite conclusions. Every patent medicine has its faithful votaries, while no physician of standing has confidence in them, and recent investigation and analysis has sufficiently demonstrated their character. Yet, in spite of the facts, men think these will cure; as others believe they will be healed at Lourdes, under conditions so unsanitary as to be regarded

elsewhere as productive of disease. Belief is faith and faith may heal. Whereas the object of such faith varies with the degree of intelligence, it is not the object, but the *belief* itself which is the active agent. Hence belief in relics may cure, while belief in a draft may kill. If we analyse these conclusions with reference to various foods, it is invariable that all other factors—the mental states in particular—are ignored and the possible action of one dish is alone considered. Such views are, in fact, not conclusions but prejudices merely. In opposition to the common opinion, it may be positively affirmed that strong belief in the injurious action of any proper food is itself the agent of such action. It were wise therefore to abstain from food that has come under the ban of your thought, until such time as the belief has been changed and eliminated from subconsciousness as well.

That the wisdom of this world is foolishness, is sufficiently exemplified in the history of medicine. The stream of futile decoctions that has gone down the human gullet in the name of medicine has been equalled only by the torrent of fatuous nonsense that has uninterruptedly poured itself into the credulous human mind in the name of religion.

The race, after having been cupped, bled, blistered, saturated with calomel and boneset and its appendix removed, is now coming to the conclusion that if it will but keep clean, avoid over-eating, and take normal exercise and sleep, Nature will perhaps take care of herself. But more than this—we must see to it that we have clean and well-ordered minds.

How then shall we think? Whatsoever things are profitable, of these surely. Think health and not disease; think love and not malice; strength and not weakness. If you cannot think these things, then inhibit—shut off the current and do not permit it to work harm. Correct thinking implies a basis of truth already brought into consciousness, upon which we shall normally react. We assume this ethical stratum to subsist in the race consciousness, whether that has been moulded by the traditions of one or another of the great religious or philosophic systems. We accept the ethics of our race as to doing, but far less as to thinking. It is to be observed in this connection that Buddhist ethics, for instance, lay far more stress upon right thinking than do Christian; and self-control receives far less attention from the

Occidental than from the Oriental mind, eminently sane in this regard.

Think of others as you would have them think of you, is the transcendental version of the Golden Rule by which consciousness should regulate itself. That is to say, send out the quality of thought you wish to receive in return—if for no better than utilitarian reasons—for the mind attracts to itself its own kind. Money earns money; strength gathers to itself strength. While the sun shines upon the just and the unjust, it is far from being the same to both. Flowers are fairest to those who love them; birds sing to those who have ears; and the sun is brightest to such as have sunshine within. Very exact is our Nemesis. Atoms that we are, crawling upon the surface of a little whirling ball, itself utterly insignificant in the immensity, yet are we so guarded we cannot escape the result of a thought.

Since this is so eminently a practical subject, we may perhaps indulge without apology, a little pedantry as to methods. A proper self-control is the basis of an efficient use of the faculties, else we get in our own way, stand in our own light. It is well to remember when we are disturbed, that it is

not so much the thing, as our opinion of it, which disturbs us. We may not be able to control the disturbance without, but we can change the opinion within. It is possible to cultivate the habit of being undisturbed. If the mind runs away, bring it back! Calmness, forbearance, patience, are simply habits of mind. Let him who lacks these, put his will to work; set aside a regular time for this, as for any study or practise, and direct the mind towards that which it is desirable to attain. It is perhaps no more difficult than various acquirements of the studiously inclined—the German language, for example.

The mind persistently works under the stimulus of auto-suggestion. Suggest to yourself that you are strong, capable, self-controlled, and the faculties take their cue from this and endeavour to act in accordance. It is desirable to have on hand a stock of fundamental positive suggestions of this nature, upon which consciousness may wait in unoccupied moments. Negative, weak, vacillating people have encouraged the mind in a wrong direction until this has become natural and unconscious. They have the habit of foolishness. But every well-cultivated mind provides itself with a set of ideals which are

its guide posts, and so conspicuous in the mental landscape that the faculties tend to impel the ego toward them. They set no limits to the road the aspiring intellect is to travel, but they give direction.

Any reflection on the subject reveals how intimately thought is associated with destiny, what a practical resource is sane and wholesome thinking. Present thoughts are the seeds of future harmony or discord. Every thought has its consequence; every day is the day of judgment. Grim and inexorable is this doctrine in the light of our weakness; potential and heroic in the hour of strength.

CHAPTER VI

WILL

EQUALLY a subject for practical consideration is the will; not in its metaphysical, but in its psychological and physiological bearing.

Sense impressions of the outer world come to us through those channels known collectively as the afferent. Recording themselves in particular centres, they result in a further nervous activity which manifests itself as thought and act, through the efferent. This efferent channel connects with the environment, and its mechanism is congenital and purely automatic. It pertains to man—the vertebrate, the mammal; and is the same in the baboon. The acts of the baboon are reflexive; he is an afferent machine. But between the afferent impression and the efferent result, man may interpose another factor—the will—and in proportion as he does so, and that wisely, he is the more man and the less monkey. Now the will is not

ready made, like the automatic afferent, but is subject to discipline and control, and, like any faculty, grows with use. It is energy, and without it a man could not so much as read a book, though he were otherwise qualified.

Its relation to resources is obvious, for the mind will not acquire, nor can it overcome the obstacles to its development, unless it has the will to do so. Equally direct is its bearing upon life, for if one know the right he must likewise have the will to put it into practise. The world is full of well-meaning people who have not the will to carry out their resolutions; as it is overrun with men, the agent of whose acts is the afferent rather than the will. Titillate the nerve of a headless frog and he will kick; and the habits of the drunkard and the kleptomaniac are almost as reflective and automatic as the kick of the frog.

We are the creatures of habit. Bad habits are the result of repeatedly acting upon afferent impressions until a path has been formed and brain and nervous system conspire to send the impulse along the beaten track, while the ineffective will stands idle in the background. We must act from will,

rather than from the afferent. But the will itself is dependent upon reason for its guidance. Let a man come to a fork in the road and his choice is a matter of reasoning, but he must first will to use his intelligence, and subsequently will to propel himself upon the road chosen. The balanced mind is that in which the will and the reason work in harmony. Will is force and if it be insufficient, character is weak in spite of intellect, and love is fond and foolish. The afferent man is a puppet moved by the strings of desire and prejudice. Arouse his desire or appeal to a known prejudice and he acts in a given way. But character is organised will and, in strong characters, the impressions are confronted by the stalwart will, which says —Command me O Reason and I will act. "I can't" and "I will" are the poles between which lie all the zones of character.

Inasmuch as the purely "thinking" areas of the brain are not congenital but are acquired, the will acting under the stimulus of ideas is the instrument in building that organ. Huxley has shown that the brain of the chimpanzee and that of the child are practically identical. But the growing man wills to acquire language or music and actually

creates separate departments in his brain for each and every one. The brain of the afferent monkey, on the other hand, remains unchanged. We say the child inherits the gift of language or music but he has not inherited the developed brain, and must himself create these distinct areas through willing and working. Just so the will works in us to develop character, and in so doing actually forms a brain to its own liking.

This modelling of the brain is active only during the plastic years. Then it is we lay the foundations of our resources. It is then we foster the love of nature, of books, of music, and fashion an organ which shall serve the lover of these things. Hence age acquires no resources, and if it has laid up no treasures in its youth it shall drink the cup of bitterness. But youth nowadays is forced into the maelstrom of affairs. It is brought up in the worship of the golden calf; it is taught to weigh everything in the same balance, and that a false one. By a shallow world it is instructed that money is the only resource, and so busy is it acquiring this that there is no time to lay up the solid treasures of the heart and of the mind, which would persist and shed their glamour over life, long after

riches had taken to themselves wings. Sad it is that the best years, the years when interest is alive and the brain plastic to the robust will, are thus so often lost. Palsied age in its easy chair hugs to itself its pessimism and its money, sole harvest of a life of abnormal industry, while the newspapers cry: "Ecce homo!" Aye! behold the end of the man.

Cultivate resources then while you may. Seek early the acquaintance of good books, good music, good men. Implant true ideals, and on them the flowing years shall wait. For you are the fashioner of your own brain, and if you will you may add book by book to the shelves of that marvellous library and every good book that is added you shall some day take down and read with pleasure.

Since thought-control implies will, it is that which is to be strengthened, as the athlete hardens his muscle. This exercise must be judicious, else we may become will-bound, as the gymnast becomes muscle-bound, and that at the expense of the heart. It is the active will, always amenable to reason, which serves us in need, and not self-will or wilfulness. Above the personal, rests the divine will, as the sun overshadows a rush-

light, and every act in accordance with reason and love, has God for a sponsor; while he who acts with a perverse motive opposes his will to principle, and it is not the law which is broken but he. The only logical prayer is that we the personal should entirely reflect the Supreme.

"The weakness of the will," says Emerson, "begins when it would be something of itself." And we may add that the strength of the will is in its alliance with God. In our opposition to truth we are but an instrument out of tune, a machine out of gear, a discord, a negation; our efficiency is nil, our action mal-action. Force serves only as it is applied in the right direction, and wilfulness is not strength. What does it avail how much we do, if we do the useless thing; how much we think, if we think what is not so; how fast we run, if we run in the wrong direction? Much of our life is describing just such little circles; we arrive with great pains at the nothingness we set out from. No, if we would live to any purpose, we must be in harmony with that Wisdom which envelops us all, and not ours but the higher Will shall move us. This is the metaphysical premise from which are derived our psychological and

practical deductions. The old theology was careful to instruct us that disease and trial and tribulation—that everything undesirable in fact—was the will of God. But rather is it health and sanity and peace; and in so far as we express these are we reflecting the divine purpose.

The will is sinew and muscle to the mind; yet not of ourselves have we strength but because of the life force, which comes we know not whence, and goes we know not whither. We do not sufficiently reflect upon the value of relaxation and surrender. Great is the power of "I will!" but greater still—"I will to be the medium of the divine Will!" Then are we not a pool, but the sea. The virtue of a window is that it admits light, and the virtue of the will is that it should not obstruct but admit the tide of power from above. It is a curious fact that we will to walk and we grow tired, while we do not will to breathe and the muscles of the diaphragm, which ceaselessly work, are never fatigued. In waking hours we are alert and keenly alive to self-protection and subject to fear; but in sleep we surrender ourselves without fear and are at rest. If we stand in the sunshine we do not will to be warm but the sun warms

us. The proper use of the will is to place the man in the divine current, and once there he shall surrender himself and it shall act through him.

Our days are marred through self-will, in the effort to supply rather than to receive the energy. Every emission of the will is a prayer and willing is praying. It is not the empty sky which hears, but the will, like a force in the hands of a child, whirls us this way and that. Will and ye shall receive—and woe if ye have not asked wisely. Terrible is the answer to some of our prayers. Let one desire sensation and sensation he shall have; but it is double faced and shows us first smiling pleasure, then scowling pain. Prayers of greed, of selfishness, of vanity, are but modes of thought of which will is the energy. They are answered, each after its kind. For that matter, living is praying and too commonly a vortex of nondescript prayers, one negating the other, with the result a poor average.

Anything contrary to the general good is an unwise prayer; that is to say, we pray wisely only when the will is one with the divine Will. Petitions for personal advantage or preference are empty and vain—silly

archaisms in this age. The best prayer is a good clean life and this forever attracts to itself good. Work is the legitimate prayer of the worker—not wishing but willing. When the heart is in the work, when the man puts himself into it, there is a steady emission of the will and his days are days of prayer. But if he has not faith in himself, if his work is half hearted, his prayer shall be ineffectual. It is the love of the work which stimulates the will to act and without it no good work is done, no great life is lived. The problem with the child is not to break but to direct the will, to convert wilfulness into disciplined energy. To him that hath shall be given inasmuch as the will is strengthened with use. Between the man of effective will and man the puppet of the afferent, there is almost as wide a gulf as that separating man and the ape. The will to succeed is as normal as the will to live, and while it may be perverted through false ideals, it is none the less the will which counts. Force we must have, but likewise wisdom to direct it in the right paths. The world preaches a fictitious success upon which the will of the multitude reacts. He is counted successful who has laid up for himself treasures on earth; but

rather does success lie in cultivating those qualities of the heart, and in acquiring those resources of the intellect, which bring upon earth a foretaste of heaven.

CHAPTER VII

SOCIETY

BRONSON ALCOTT'S idea of heaven—as a place where one might have a little conversation—will appeal to cultivated natures as equally applicable to a true society. All too rare are these delectable hours, for even when men of the requisite parts meet, they can only mingle under subtle conditions, not understood but felt, and as evanescent and uncertain as inspiration. There may be monologues, lectures, talk—but conversation is for divine moments only. It takes place between two persons; and the best company is unconsciously brought together to that end, while men are drawn to their intellectual affinities. We know many people that we may find one or two with whom to converse; have many acquaintances that we may discover one friend. To talk to the table is to incur the risk of talking for effect, and conversation is real, spontaneous, and not self-

conscious. It is the sudden union of two intellects mutually inspired to a more than ordinary expression; each arouses and compels the activity of the other, as in the union of chemical elements having an affinity.

We pay for these finer uses of society in subjection to less favourable conditions, and in the Spartan and salutary process of being polished in the mill of promiscuous and uncongenial personalities. Even so, this is worth while in the discipline of our egotism and conceit. He is an apt learner in the school of society who has relinquished his egotism and retained his individuality. We see men who never will be suppressed—natural objectors and obstructionists, men who will rest their blatant egotism in the grave and not before; and there are others who have been suppressed out of all semblance to men, and whose virtue consists in parting their hair in the approved fashion and making punctual dinner calls—the sheep and asses of society. There are the windbags, and the toy balloons who emit squeaks for the entertainment of others; the men whose motto is—"I protest"—argumentative, combative, aggressive bores; the heavy guard who wish to be amused and who never think; the mono-

maniacs and cranks; the haughty, the pompous, the stupid, the money-bloated and the empty-headed—and everywhere, the gossips.

We admit that dinners and receptions are a bore, and perfunctory calls an infliction; yet we go for expediency's sake, and for a certain stimulus we feel to be good. We attend with hope, seeking affinities. Very curious are these subtle attractions and repulsions experienced in the company of others; altogether psychic are our affinities, and not to be explained by any known laws. We are not ourselves with this one or that, and more than ourselves with another. Every new company affords endless new combinations. Adaptability to these is the test of the man of the world; but none the less, a sensitive man shall find to the end of his days that he is asphyxiated in some atmospheres and exhilarated in others. That is a good dinner where the right poeple come together; and she is the born hostess who can bring them together. But what is more dreary than to be among people who do not speak our language and who make it evident they are expecting from us anything but that which we have to give? We no sooner enter a room than these peculiar forces begin to play upon us. The

pompous and the obtuse are not aware, but rest assured more than one beside yourself is hiding behind a mask of hauteur or of indifference. Granted there may be many opinions as to what constitutes society, surely that is most worth while where we are encouraged to be ourselves—more than ourselves, if you will—but never less. Adapting oneself to adverse conditions is doubtless good practice, and not to be scorned, but as a resource rather give us an honest solitude and the company of our own thoughts.

Society in which everybody pretends is usual; now and then in history is one in which people aim to be. Sincerity is often more in evidence in the circles of some Latin quarter than in any Mayfair. The difference is one of wit and also of respect for values. The vices of what is called good society are its insincerity, its pretension, its shallowness. It teaches us to appear, rather than to be; and it asks, not what are you, but, who are you, and what is your bank account? Unstable as water, its standards change with the times, and it demands only conformity to these, whatever they may be. Some London or Paris sets the fashion for our manners and our thoughts, as for our clothes, and

from east to west, we dance, unmindful that they who pull the strings are the fops, the reporters, the tailors. Let the socialist consider and ponder the fact that society, in this general sense, is itself a paternalism—none more tyrannous—which aims so to control the minds and hearts of its votaries, that they shall be brought to one level of unthinking mediocrity, and shall live and die by its foolish maxims. To a society in which pretension takes rank, we are naturally admitted, not so much by worth as by appearance. Character and intellect are not so well regarded in such company as *savoir faire* and the capacity for small talk. Its members live to be amused, slowly perishing of ennui in spite of it.

In every country, society is either tending towards an aristocracy or recovering from one. We in America are as surely approaching, as England is receding from it, but unfortunately it has its roots with us in an age of cheap ideals. The age will pass, but the tree must grow from that root, if at all, and will have sprung from that soil. The elder aristocracy—now degenerate—grew out of heroic times; but the younger will owe its origin to oil wells and steel plants and slaugh-

ter houses, for that which we name plutocracy to-day, is what the heterogenous posterity of some future America will call its aristocracy. The flood tide of European pauperdom is upon us, and in time, all that was originally and essentially American will be submerged, save a few lone colonial and revolutionary rocks, raising their heads above a trackless sea.

It is foolish to suppose that social caste rests on nothing more substantial than pretension. A truly superior caste is such because it rests not indeed on pretension but on fact. The only real basis of aristocratic feeling is merit, and if merit has departed then we have, as it were, merely the bark of the tree standing erect in which the heart has decayed. Equally foolish is it to assert that birth and breeding are not merit of a sort—when men are willing to pay extravagantly for a horse, a dog, a pig, because of pedigree. Natural selection obtains among mankind as among inferior animals, and the selective process of generations of well-bred men and women cannot be without effect. They of good birth need make no pretences—let them only live up to it. Sincerity, simplicity, and kindly ease of manner are the

best evidences of good breeding and good family. A drum makes a noise because it is hollow; and every conscious lack is evidenced in the vulgar by a corresponding pretension.

Conventionality is, as often as not, based on good usage, and as for the rest its origin is in traditions and the fear of gossips. We are wise in ignoring it only when we substitute self-reliance and a love of truth, for cowardice and deference to opinion. A charm there may be in the unconventionalities of the well-bred, while the same in the under-bred are gaucheries. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that manners were handed down with the Mosiac law, for they constantly receive added touches, as the idiom incorporates good words from the argot of the streets. They owe their value and their charm to the man who wears them as a becoming garment; but very offensive are the irreproachable manners of some insincere persons. Than sincerity there can be no higher test of breeding, and a lie is not beautiful, let it be tricked out in ever so fine a dress. Yet less offensive is a polite lie than a brutal one—if lie it must be—and just here is the difference between the Latin and the Saxon points of view.

The conventionalities of society, like the statutes of the law, grew out of the necessity of self-protection. If every one were honest and unselfish—what need of laws? And if humanity consisted of gentlemen and gentlewomen, society would wear a different front. On the contrary, it is afflicted with boors and adventurers, as the business world is infested with rascals; hence the majesty of law and convention and the evolution of gossips and detectives. Etiquette, the world over, had its origin in fear of a sword-thrust; the form persists while the reason is forgotten. But true politeness has a valid basis and takes its rise in the natural kindness of the human heart. We are prone to-day to substitute bluntness in the name of sincerity, but when the world has ceased to be polite, not even then will it be sincere. Bluntness itself easily becomes an affectation. The best uses of the best society will always require of us that courtesy which is the disciplined expression of considerateness for others, as it will always frown upon affectation. When we contrast society and solitude in their effect upon the individual, it is pre-eminently the former that teaches us considerateness and tact. A polished gem is a gem none the

less, and the better for being polished. Rough diamonds there are in every community, but how much better would these serve had they known the wheel of the diamond cutter. It is true that every sincere nature experiences some recoil from the conventions of the social world, as from that which is wholly artificial and trivial. But even the society of an Indian village has its formalities and its gossip. Escape there is none, save in solitude, and man is not a solitary but a social animal. A Bohemian society merely substitutes conventions of its own for the more formal ones which it scorns. Perfect freedom is associated only with perfection of character, and the millennium is not yet. The chief advantage of good society is in the contact with men of ideas, of culture, of experience, and this must be weighed against the disadvantage of being restricted by petty formalities, and measured by artificial standards. We enter it as a library of the best books; while the unprofitable society of commonplace persons is no better than a medium for the circulation of cheap literature. It is perhaps only right we should pay more in deference to convention for the sake of the society of men worth while.

Hence the barriers which circles and clubs erect about themselves, notwithstanding in some cases there may be nothing within—a marble palace inhabited by mice.

Men regard society, for the most part, for what they can get rather than as the opportunity of giving. It is an occasion for display and a matter of prestige. They tolerate it for advantages of this doubtful character and meet on the common ground of cynicism. Charity there is none. No wonder there are those who flee an institution so perverted and prefer publicans and sinners to hypocrites and Pharisees. Rather than the society of prigs and snobs give us the refreshing company of grisettes and students, for these people have what prudes and prigs have not—and that is camaraderie. In such an atmosphere the genial traits are warmed into life, and ever the gods love a genial man. Approval sits at the head of the table, and if egotism is too often an unbidden guest, at least this society is true to that which brought it into existence, the spirit of fellowship. Now, this is the heart of social life, if we will put away false standards and ask what is society in the light of a resource. In this sense the Bohemian world more

nearly fulfils the conditions of true society than that which, more sumptuous in appearance, is often shallow and unfeeling.

That is a false social training which would make us less generous, less unselfish, less kind than the good heart in us naturally prompts. Fond delusion! that any should exchange the sweet face of love and humanity for the cold mask of pride and pretence. If our social instinct bids us seek friends for what they can do for us and makes self-seeking the motive of our acts, it is a perverted one. No man had ever a true friend on such grounds.

True society is for expression—as solitude for thought—for the expression of all that is best in us, for that which is human and true, no less than that which is brilliant and intellectual. It is the opportunity to place our intellectual possessions, our genial traits, our talents at the disposal of others.

Be it said that selfishness is more native to society than to the individuals who compose it. The institution imposes its mandates upon us and we obey as by a sort of hypnosis. Back of these proud and scornful faces stands the grim tyrant whose poor puppets they are. 'T is not any man—for

men are not so bad—but it is the system, the soulless institution which crushes whenever it may. That institution, the dragon of mythology, has drawn its slimy length over the history of the world. Though it be slain again and again, its lives are countless, for it is nourished by human credulity and human vanity, and just so long as these persist will it live and tyrannise. Let him who can, infuse new ideals into the world-thought, for thus comes the slow regeneration of society and the freedom of the individual.

First among the privileges of social life is hospitality, and nowhere does society more openly declare its virtues and its vices than in the manner of dispensing it. Insincerity is written over the door of some houses; it is stamped upon the walls and chokes us in the food. In such a house there can be no true hospitality, and the guests depart to criticise the dinner and abuse the host. A man is known by his friends, and to the house of display come only sycophants and toadies, men who practise what they call diplomacy, which is the polite way of getting something for nothing. Self-deceivers all, who reckon not on the exact laws which mete to every man in accordance with what he is and deduct

so much from his character for every insincerity. But consider the charm and the satisfaction of true hospitality. Society exists to no higher end than to yield opportunity for this, not an exhibition of the family silver and the family pride, but that our friends should come and receive somewhat of ourselves, should be truly entertained by us, lay aside their cares in that genial hour, and be made to feel that some god was present at the feast. Hospitality is an atmosphere charged with ozone which exhilarates above any wine on the table. One goes to the head, the other to the heart. We expand in the giving and in the receiving. Wine is itself not good cheer but the symbol only of that which is an effluence of the human heart. Solitary drinkers drink to despair. That is not therefore a real hospitality when only the symbol is dispensed. But wonderful indeed is a little conversation, a little inspiration, a little forgetfulness of the weary commonplaces in a new perception of beauty, a new flash of the intellect—wonderful and satisfying and rare.

Social benefits are real and therefore much counterfeited. It is worth while knowing people who excel if we can make it worth

while to them by some excellence of our own. We need contact with men—live men, thinking men, cultivated men; we need quite as much, independence and self-reliance. We must not part with our liberty in exchange for all the drawing-rooms of Europe and America. Most men will accept any company rather than be thrown on their own resources. But cheap society is no better than cheap music. While we recognise the claims of brotherhood, we can, nevertheless, have no profitable society with inferior persons and there is no companionship with a fool.

Between the well-bred and the underbred there is a wider gulf than between Anglo-Saxon and Hottentot. They can intermingle in appearance only, for the invisible barriers are as walls of adamant and brass. Society is knit together by subtle affinities, not to be confounded with the shallow sophistry of snobs. It consists of innumerable cliques, each with its open sesame. Money, pretension, idleness, will unlock some doors; talent, character, intellect, others, and the world is full of people whose ambition it is to open the door for which they have no key.

In their effect upon character, society and solitude are as opposite as night and day.

Solitude is properly a state of receptivity and self-communion—an inspiration from within; society is, or should be, the opportunity for expression and an inspiration from without. The cultivated man inwardly requires the most cultured, the most intellectual social life for which he is qualified It is to him the soil in which the seeds of thought come to fruition. His reading, his travel, his talent, his living fit him for this. People are to us an inspiration or a discouragement; contact with them is fraught with suggestion, with influences, with hypnosis in fact. It may uplift, it may debase. The whims and foibles, the virtues and vices of men are contagious. Society is never wholly virtuous or wholly vicious, but always it is diseased with beliefs. Have a care then, for these are infections. Its besetting sins are criticism and conformity. In the woods a man grows tolerant and kind and dogmas fall away from him, but in the world he inhales them with the air he breathes. How shall he find himself in society; how maintain his poise in the whirlpool of beliefs, the torrent of suggestions; how best withstand the hypnosis of other minds? Surely he must be wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove.

He shall stand firmly on his feet and look the world squarely in the face. Let him be open to influences from above and by his attitude of mind ever invite the highest good only. Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom. He must be that which he would attract and above all things be strong.

To come into sincere relations with men and women is seldom easy and always profitable. They are better than they seem—if only we can get at the real in them. While the Soul bids us be simple and true, the institution we call society beguiles us to hypocrisy and vanity But only as we are true, only as we forsake appearances and live to beauty, may we hope for any society that will be to us a solace—the society of real men and women and not of mere phantoms moving in a vain show.

CHAPTER VIII

SOLITUDE

ONLY in our best moments are we fit for solitude, for it searches the heart. Face to face with ourselves, not every hour of our life will bear that scrutiny, for our unbridled thoughts may crowd and elbow us quite as persistently and as disagreeably as any ruffian mob. While in true solitude the mind is undisturbed by the thoughts of other minds, all the more must it be in harmony within itself and tranquil. So that we have many attempts at solitude, as we have many efforts at conversation, while only now and then do we arrive at either. To be sure, one may deem it solitude merely to be alone, and yet this may amount to no more than loneliness, which is far from that solitude we are to consider in the light of a resource.

To shallow and vapid persons it is dismal enough to thus encounter themselves and to be left to their own society. To them, it

is loneliness and nothing more. If one is irritable or dull, it is as much a bore to be alone as to be with any other peevish or stupid person. Fewer men are fit for solitude than for society; for man is gregarious, and moreover lives largely from without, rather than from within—that is to say, in that class of ideas which are engendered directly by contact with the outer world. Solitude is after all but another kind of society, the most exclusive in fact, for which the qualifications are of a rarer sort, a certain delicacy of perception and of sensibility, the religious and contemplative habit, and with this a sturdy self-reliance. It is thus the poets and philosophers, rather than the eaters and drinkers, who are qualified for this inner circle, which in place of being isolation or loneliness is companionship with nature and communion with God.

It is in solitude that we are more likely to find ourselves; and people, for the most part, are not sufficiently alone. They have too much cheap and unprofitable association and far too little of the regenerating society of birds and flowers, of mountain streams, and of their own best thoughts. Society stimulates us to effort and ambition: it is impreg-

nated with the spirit of competition, social, commercial, literary, moral and immoral. Solitude incites us only to be simple and true and to walk with God. It is interesting to observe to what an extent this is dwelt upon in Vedic literature, how constant is the admonition to avoid assemblies and the haunts of men and to sit alone, that we may be divested of the world-thought and more readily invite the Spirit. Better it is, they aver, to wander like a lonely elephant than to have much association with men. The same extreme view, inspired by a far less profound perception, gave rise in Europe to the monastery and the convent. In the East it had its roots in metaphysics, while in the West it arose from a more or less emotional phase of religion.

In any case the necessity for a certain amount of solitude has an earnest advocate in psychology, because of the freedom it offers from the directly impinging thought of other minds. The ancient sages no doubt had this in view, for they were well versed in those conditions under which the perception of truth is stimulated or inhibited. They sought not knowledge, but wisdom, and this comes in gleams and flashes in the silence,

while its faint spark is all too easily extinguished by the opinions and arguments of the ignorant, the sceptical, and the worldly. They saw truly that if one would keep the vision, he must walk alone; that when most detached from the world-thought, the mind is more receptive to the message of the inner voice. Quite apart from this is the purely psychological reason of relief from self-consciousness which comes when we are alone and unobserved,—a certain relaxation of the will which is restfulness; while in the company of most people, and all the more with the uncongenial, there is tension. Solitude is, therefore, in a sense rest, as society is effort; while it may happen in this mental relaxation that the spiritual faculties come more into play. We go into the woods in our old clothes and in a comfortable frame of mind—and a blessed relief it is; but we dress for the world and we are mentally on the defensive. Few free themselves altogether from the taint of self-consciousness. We are apt to be over personal in society, and the attitude of mind is not infrequently: What are people thinking of me? In solitude we are more easily impersonal, and, in our best moods, self-consciousness is insensibly replaced by a

deeper consciousness, while there is nothing externally to stimulate vanity. Thus relief from tension may also be experienced in foreign places with whose language and customs we are unfamiliar. There is a delightful sense of aloofness, a feeling of disassociation from the world in which we find ourselves, so that we are observers merely, with no burden of responsibility; and it is sometimes a mistake to dispel the charm—ephemeral at best—by taking letters to people. It is so agreeable to be absolutely apart from the world and yet to view it meanwhile with keen interest, like a spirit from another star haunting this planet for entertainment and invisible to its inhabitants. A phase of solitude, it passes when we come suddenly in contact with some of our own kind again. Instantly the wings of freedom are clipped, and one may be excused for running away from such encounters. This is one value of city life again, that we may remain unknown, if we wish, to our next-door neighbours; may at will be lost in the crowd. Whereas in the village and the town we cannot so much as turn around but the community is aware of it.

To wish to be alone part of the time is as natural to us as modesty; and its fulfilment

as necessary as sleep. The exigencies of our life cause us to herd together in cities; to live in noisy rookeries called flats; to be crowded in cars like cattle driven to the slaughter. A survival of the robust, the coarse, but not necessarily of the fit is the result. We shove and elbow our way—but into no garden of delight, surely. One is fitted by the process to cope with that which is more or less degrading to the finer instincts, and may amount to relinquishing in self-protection that which is better for that which is worse. It is a coarsening process and a strengthening one, but it strengthens to meet those very conditions which sensitive and beautiful natures would avoid. Such natures, dipping perforce in the sea of common-place thought, as horses are washed in the same pool, pine for the desert and the wilderness. It is not the rich who feel this, for money buys privacy in the city, whereas in the woods it is to be had for nothing. "Room for me!" demands the pasture oak, "that I may expand and live my own life"; and any man who has in him the heart of the oak shall rise out of his environment, shall be solitary if he will and when he will, and shall live his own life.

It is a curious study in influences, for while solitude fosters the finer feelings, we do not find that farmers, herders, and ranchmen are poets and prophets in any degree; while from the city's swarm arises now and then some rare soul, as an orchid from the mud of the swamp.

First is the man and then the environment, and all the adverse conditions of a selfish and gregarious world fall away before the might of an advancing and resolute will. It is the man always; and if in himself he be a magnet, the good of solitude and of society flow to him, for wherever he is planted, his roots reach down and extract nourishment from the soil, his branches grow upward and attract the dews of heaven. If solitude best suit his purpose, he shall create for himself the conditions he requires. To the aspiring will, obstacles but feed the flame of its power; while upon the bowed backs of the weak, the very heavens rest like a pall and wherever they look they see only mountains of difficulty. The battle is to the strong, and it may be that in love, in truth, in the delicate perceptions of the poet and the sane and wholesome view of the philosopher, is the real strength. For which is stronger,

the granite, or the water which drop by drop wears it away?

Jesus was solitary, Gautama, Emerson, and every great and wise soul that has come into the world. The thought of many a poet, a fine fabric of the mind woven in the quiet of the hills, holds some glint of his vision—"the splendour in the grass, the glory of the flower." Of all who have assayed to interpret the character of Jesus, Renan alone has appreciated the influence of nature upon that tremendous personality. The desolate beauty of the Syrian landscape was matched by the isolated grandeur of the man—the most solitary in history; and it surely is evident that he derived much of his inspiration from the solitude into which he withdrew to meditate upon his beautiful kingdom of heaven.

No man of feeling can go alone into the desert and not come under the spell of that mystic presence luring him in the silence into the abyss of consciousness. Out of the desert have come prophets and seers, as from another world; in the wonderful desert they saw what no eye has seen. How many have gone mad in that barren waste who can say? Violet and orange and ethereal blue, a vision of pearl and of opal, it lures with its marvellous

distance, its beautiful desolation, ever and ever away from the fading world into mystery and dream. The bed of a vanished ocean, the desert is haunted still by the brooding spirit of the ancient sea in the silence which has never been broken. What is the world to a man here; whither should he go and why? He shall not think of time but of eternity. He shall not walk with men but with the great God of the desert; and out of the silence there descends upon him, little by little, as the soft light falls upon the burning sands, the mysterious mantle of oblivion. A seeming phantom in a phantom world, yet shall he behold the real; for even there, severed from all the world knows or follows, he finds himself face to face with the moral order. His heart prompts to good, as gravity inheres in the stones of the desert. He shall know remorse, he shall know pity, though only the wandering jackal pass. Not in the uttermost parts of space shall a man escape himself; but in solitude, if so he will, he may the more readily find his centre.

This finding oneself is the spiritual adjustment to life, and you may readily tell in an hour's conversation if a man has accomplished it, or if he still lives in a desultory

and superficial way. No amount of outward pretension will atone for an inner poverty. Barren is that nature, and sounding brass, the speech of him who has no inner life. If a man has found himself, you shall know it by his self-trust, his poise, his strength. No reed shaken by the wind is he, but an oak of the forest. "Trust thyself" is the motto of all who live from within. Trust thyself and dare to be a man, for all that society would have you a well-behaved monkey. "I am!" "I will!" Thus saith the Lord in His temple of the inner life, and the earth keeps silence. Who worships in that temple comes forth renewed and runs to meet the world as a strong man. From within he derives his strength, his faith, his wisdom. And no greater possession has any man, than the key of the inner life.

It is in tranquillity that we come to ourselves, if at all; it is in tranquillity that the mind may settle itself in wisdom and we experience the quiet joy of the spirit. In the forest as in the desert there is little to distract, and the afferent currents are in abeyance. The whispering wind, the flight of a bird, are the only messages of the eye and ear. The mind divests itself of the arti-

ficial, as one puts off a garment, and life is reduced to simple terms. No external stimuli, like tempests, disturb it now with desire and again with aversion; and it comes to rest in itself. It is the difference between the ruffled surface of the lake and the still depths below. In the unbroken solitude we listen and grow calm, and self-contained. That seems trivial which so disturbed us in the town; our possessions were toys; our aims childish. There are no false standards; critics and judges are there none, and in silence we sit in judgment upon ourselves.

One is drawn to solitude and another to society as naturally as some take to the desk and others to the easel. It is to the poet that solitude yields the more exquisite and evanescent impressions. It played upon the gentle soul of Keats and moved him to that Orphean strain as rarely beautiful as a bird voice in the wilderness. It touched the free spirit of Shelley, and in his song are the moaning wind, the laughing waters, and the sob of a restless sea. Somewhat birdlike indeed are all sweet singers. They have a kinship with the shy blossoms of the woods, a sort of sylvan consciousness, so that they voice nature and solitude, and seem the very spirits of the

air. They have sunbeams and raindrops in their thoughts. They skim with the swallow, dart with the trout, and soar with the eagle. With autumn leaves they float upon the ponds. They slide on the moonbeams and vanish in the dusk with the shadowy owl. Solitude, to such as they, is ever sweet, is ever companionable. For then whispers the wind, the leaves dance, the waters sparkle and laugh. They are not aliens in nature but wondering children with outstretched hands and open eyes.

Solitude, itself a resource, is at the same time the supreme test of all resources—that is to say of our self-trust. An assumed love of nature serves ill in the woods; a fad is a poor solace. Alone in the mountains, we stand or fall by what we are; we do not deceive ourselves, much less God within us. Nature yields us according to our capacity —no more, no less. Our money, our pride,—our very learning if it be not of the heart and part of us,—are so many encumbrances. On the desert, in the forest, in the study, there stands the angel of solitude and reads the heart as an open book.

CHAPTER IX

NATURE

IN normal opposition to the common and utilitarian view, which regards nature as merely a field to be exploited for the physical well-being of man, the poet's relation to nature is largely subjective and no more a matter of physics and chemistry than of bread and coal. Each has its basis in necessity. For the intellectual man is as readily nourished by beauty as the physical man by bread, and equally pines for lack of it. To the true naturalist, as to the poet, the relation to nature is a relation of love. a passion ardent but unworldly. In him it is supplemented by science, which is itself fundamentally the love of truth. In both it is love which draws them to nature; in both the relation is in a sense religion.

Nature in itself we do not know, any more than we know matter *per se*. What we do know is always the objective world plus our

subjective states. Hence it comes that we see ourselves in nature, and none, unless it be the Yogis of the East, even approximately extricate themselves. Sunset and moonlight, as we know them, are as much in us as in the heavens; within, a limitless expanse of ocean, sounding its ceaseless lament upon unknown shores, corresponds to that vast primordial sea without. When we stroll upon the beach and hear the dynamic music of the surf, it is the inner harmony as well to which we listen, and the inner expanse of desolation or of opalescent beauty which we behold. This interrelation may be so one-sided, as in melancholia, that the outer world is practically nil, and the man reads only his own mood draping the skies and hears his own lament in wind and water. To a normal view it is rather the province of the outer world to take us out of ourselves, to stimulate us to sane and wholesome thought, while in the reflective mind it must ever provoke the sense of wonder.

Man's relation to nature is given a peculiarly intimate significance when we reflect upon the accepted theory of evolution and of that transmission of tendencies, which it implies. In us are the inherited traits of

a million million human ancestors, and back of them the ancestral subhuman legions. In us sleep, not alone the memories of this life, but of extinct races who also were of few days. What remote psychic influences descend into the mind of man, frought with what race memories in virtue of his immense inheritance from the past, who can say? The bond has never been severed which connects the cultivated man back through the ages with the savage of the wilderness. As the human embryo during its development exactly resembles, at one stage or another, that of various of the lower animals, so have we in us traces, thinly veiled, not only of the savage, but of bear and fox, hawk and serpent. Our inheritance is not alone from an Age of Stone and an Age of Bronze; not alone from the Classic, the Mediæval, the Renaissance, but from the Silurian and the Devonian, from Jurassic and Triassic as well. Little wonder then we pay some tithe in our thought to that spirit of sadness, that *weltschmerz*, which forever broods over the created world. Little wonder the bluebird's warble sinks into the abyss of feeling; that the sunset lures to some beyond, along a path where colour in place of sound is a majestic minor harmony; that

the restless sea sounds in us a chord deeper than thought.

While we explore nature then, we in some degree explore the recesses of our being, and much of the best thought of all times has been inspired by this reaction of the mind upon natural phenomena. What transcendant ideals do we not owe to the mountains and the sea, what sane healthy thought to contact with the woods and fields; and how are the gentler traits of human nature forever encouraged in a hard world by the presence of birds and flowers In a climate such as ours, the emotional reaction is more subtle, as well as more complex than in a tropical or subtropical zone, by reason of the contrasts which the seasons afford, the particular charm attached to each, and the infinite gradations of feeling that these inspire. Winter with its cold and glittering aspect, spring so full of promise, summer languid and quiescent, and the mystic dreamy days of autumn, each invoke moods of their own. Rich in feeling, the North encourages poesy as the desert breeds mystics.

To the receptive mind, nature is in herself a perpetual invitation, and to such she is the unfailing resource. But she is an exacting

mistress, and you must give your whole heart. Approach without love and she is stone. We shall only see that to which we are awake, and the key to this receptivity is love always. You may laugh at magic if you will, but the wise know full well that the world is under a spell, and nature guards by a mysterious power her secrets from the vulgar and obtuse. The old tales of enchantment had their origin in the verities of philosophy. You may enter the Garden of Delight, but if you are not of the faithful it shall mock you with apparent desolation.

You may be versed in the science of ornithology and yet not know the birds, a systematic botanist and not love the flowers; just so you may have studied the anatomy and psychology of man and still lack a friend. Nature is to us pre-eminently a resource in the sense of companionship; equally with our friend does she demand of us love and attention, and abundantly will she bestow in return. We shall first open our hearts, for with love is always interest, and attention follows. The process is itself transcendental and refutes all purely mechanical theories of psychology. It is the profound appeal Earth makes to her children.

We are travellers in nature, and the unprepared see little, the uninterested less. Most men are too preoccupied with affairs; the hum of trade is so loud in their ears they cannot hear the gentle voices of the woods. This is more to be deplored inasmuch as the capacity for appreciation, even the ability to hear, grows less and less and may perish for lack of use. So is lost the cardinal resource, and no character can suffer this and not be impoverished. The love of nature is normal to mankind and it is through lack of cultivation, as well as through subsequent absorption in the affairs of the world, that men become indifferent; while that which might have been a protecting tree, is no more than a stunted shrub.

Soothing to the heart is the sense of companionship in nature; the trees whisper, the waters ripple and smile, and the mountains lift our dull thoughts to their level. It would seem almost as if these conspired together to lead us out of our self-consciousness into some beautiful world; and which is the reality, let him prove to himself who can. The woods are a refuge where thought that has hidden from the glare of the world, as naturally unfolds as do those exquisite wood flowers

which shun the roadside and the pastures. Wood birds, especially the thrushes, are more serious and solitary, and more spiritual in their songs, than the worldlings of the fields, as if this cloistered influence were altogether congenial to their temperament. Life in the woods is unobtrusive, shy, and without pretence. It maintains itself by concealment. The moth folds its wings and is one with the bark on which it rests; the partridge chick squats upon a leaf and is lost to view. Wherever we go we are watched by countless unblinking eyes, themselves unseen.

Equally strong in the wilderness is the suggestion of primitive savagery, which is drum and fife to the timid ear. It is as masterful and virile as the other is gentle and feminine. This robust strain in nature is the tonic of which an effeminate society stands in need, quite as much as of that larger perception of beauty fostered by gentler aspects. It stimulates vigorous thought; we shall think like men and savages in the forest. We shall feel the single drop of aboriginal blood tingle in the veins; grow dextrous with axe and rod; eat and sleep as the Indian, and be as silent as he. The world becomes

remote, its manners and customs of little moment, its cares and worries forgotten. A wholesome reversion this, if it do not proceed too far. In the surrender to the wild, the simple and natural gradually asserts itself, and we come to a new point of view and see how artificial our life has been, how many useless luxuries have become necessities through habit. The physical man responds to this message of the woods which sharpens the eye and the ear and steadies the nerve. Very good is the quailing of the hawk and the tap of the sapsucker, the poise and flight of the eagle, the sinewy motions of deer and antelope, good and satisfying to this forest mood which loves the virile song of the mountain torrent and the lonely cry of the loon and itself is heroic and masculine, creating to its use keen eye and sinewy limbs. Such an eye loves the porphyry cliffs and the desolate timber line, loves the unbroken forest of fir and pine, the glacial lakes set like opals in the alpine valleys; and such a foot loves the mountain trail.

Sooner or later comes the revolt against "improvement" in nature, the artificial in life, the dogma in religion. We would be free of these fetters. It is the imperious

call of the wild, the spirit of the ancestral legions; but profounder still, it is the Soul calling to freedom—the unfettered Soul which, itself the changeless beauty, knows the ephemeral world for a passing reflection. Give us then for our portion the wilderness and the sierra, the mystic desert and the opal sea. Like music these speak to us of that which is not of to-day nor of yesterday, not of this people nor of that; which spoke when earth, a little whirling nebula, detached itself from the seething vortex, and which shall speak when the dying world, narrowing its fatal orbit, shall plunge at last into the fiery heart of the sun and there shall be one mote less in the sunlight.

Consider the sea, how companionable it may be, for it is alive and has moods of its own. But he who loves the sea will find it as changeable as woman and as inexplicable. There is something of the charm we appreciate most in our friend, the delight of surprise and of some yet unfathomed resource. The changeful sea! It is now opalescent and ethereal, a dream-ocean; anon cold and hard in white-capped beauty; leaden and terrible it reveals how thin is the veil that covers here, as in us, the primeval savagery.

Certain days—and the poet knows them well—seem to convey in themselves the wise admonition against familiarity. "Do not look too close," they say. All charm is elusive. When we would grasp it, it vanishes. The mountains of the desert, clothed by distance in a royal mantle of purple, are brown and barren near at hand. Perspective we must have, in nature, and in society. So has the sea commonplace moods, and it were wiser not to consort with it then but to wait for more profitable hours.

Delicate in the extreme is the adjustment of feeling to the outer world. He who does not adequately guard the purity of this emotional life, can no more be receptive to subtle and exquisite impressions, than one accustomed to the society of the low and vulgar, can respond to the stimulus of highly refined intellects. He can no more serve two masters here than elsewhere. Habitual association with commonplace, or even purely utilitarian ideas thus disqualifies the mind for the finer appreciation of nature. Some wear out the mechanism of the emotions by overuse, so that it is like an old piano; many have but the mechanism of a cheap piano to begin with. As we live, so shall we

see. Only in simplicity and refinement of living can the æsthetic faculties give the best account of themselves, for only then is beauty clearly perceived. Dissipation with the emotions, renders them less and less sensitive to healthy reactions, until the desire is for quantity rather than quality—as the drunkard craves not the bouquet of wines so much as the mere alcohol they contain. Thus does excess reduce everything to a coarse level.

How fugitive are those impressions which nature yields. To the golden opiate of spring we owe a few brief halcyon hours. 'T is all magic-play and we live by enchantment. The first bluebird's warble, the song sparrow's trill, the song of the ruby kinglet falling suddenly upon the ear, each in turn lifts for an instant the veil of mystery, and we stand face to face with the eternal beauty. Once each year we see the hepatica, the bloodroot, the columbine; once only these yield us themselves, as it were a first kiss. When we see them again they are not the same. We shall behold nothing more beautiful than the dawn, but it is not to be seen every day, so readily are the perceptions blunted by the usual. Only at rare intervals should we

approach the temple of Aurora, lest the goddess refuse to reveal herself. How marvellous the night when, wrapped in our blankets, we lie down upon the bare earth. It is as if we saw the very heavens for the first time. But in us is a more wonderful spring and autumn than any in nature. In us is the background of night from whence emerges the radiant dawn.

The most precious gift of the hills is not mountain air but rather the mountain thoughts they inspire. They draw us as do our ideals. Youth they lead on and on and ever to some beyond; to youth they are as the springtime, full of hope. Older and sadder eyes look towards them and find peace. This we may affirm of nature: that it makes for sanity and for health. Contact with upland pastures is like association with a strong and cheerful personality. We free ourselves there of the world-hypnosis. Mountain thoughts like mountain air are purer. A solitary walk in the woods is a dip into a clearer mental atmosphere from which we emerge refreshed, and our moodiness is dispelled by the cheery voice of the chickadee. Tang of black cherry, wild flavour of wintergreen and sassafras, odour of bayberry and pine needles, have

each the power of conveying a certain robust suggestion to the mind and this also is a kind of witchery.

Autumn woods, dreamy hills, and peaceful meadows, constitute the natural estate of man to which he lays claim through his own qualifications merely, and not by reason of money or law. In the deepest sense, naturalist, poet, and artist, rather than landowner or farmer, are the enjoyers of this inheritance in that they have best qualified themselves. It is a marvellous fact and occult in its significance that this estate we cultivate wholly indirectly by cultivating our own faculties. The greater the man the greater his portion in nature.

There are thoughts which are as anemones and violets, and those again which are thistles and burrs; moods that are like green pastures and still waters and others that are sand storms on the desert. Happy he whose intellect puts forth new buds and renews itself as the poplar and willow, whose thoughts reflect the hum of bees in the apple blossoms and are as significant and true as the call of the high hole and the revery of the robin; happy he who keeps his face to the sun and in his heart the love of birds and flowers.

They shall ever whisper to him and in a world of shadows he shall yet be solaced by their beauty.

Man's royalty in nature is that it should not only feed and clothe him but minister to his moods and thoughts as well; and no feeling is so deep and none so high but the mountains and the sea shall seem to have sympathy. Whatever epic stirs in him, the forest and the plains are a fit setting. Wherever there be rocks he reads the history of vanished races, of epochs and æons of time, and so doing is impelled from village, to cosmic and sublime considerations. No less does the gently falling snow attract and hold us, and when it has melted from the earth, the delicate leaves of the bloodroot emerging from the ground are as marvellous and inexplicable as the triumphant progress of the shining worlds. Ineffable is this relation between man and nature, when the red maples in the swamps and the song of the hyla may cast a glamour over our thoughts, and the encounter with a new bird redeem the day from dulness and care.

CHAPTER X

TRAVEL

GOOD descriptions of foreign towns have been written by those who have never seen the places they described; while residents in countries of peculiar interest are often stupidly indifferent to their surroundings. Few travellers have seen as much in their longest journey as did Thoreau in his week on the Merrimac; not that there was so much to the Merrimac, but there was so much to Thoreau. With what eye do you see? A dull eye beholds a dull world, and the unsympathetic see through an orb of ground glass.

Travel is a fetich with the vulgar, who go to places merely to say they have been there. It has become too easy and you must work the harder to get the good of it. Memoirs of eighteenth century travellers in Europe reveal how much more they saw in a journey by diligence from Paris to Rome than we can

see now. Their accounts are more entertaining than the actual journey to-day. Similarly with our own West; within a few years it has become a tame affair, yielding the traveller only ordinary comfort, where the pioneer derived adventure. Our civilisation tends to bring everything to a dead level, so that every town in America looks more or less like every other, and nowhere is there any individuality.

Who will ever again see what Huc and Gabet saw in Thibet; what Bernal Diaz saw in New Spain? The best books of travel were written before the journalistic era when people did not try to make "copy" of everything, and writers of travels were not reporters but men. To-day we are in haste, not to absorb the peculiar charm of a foreign land—its personality so to speak,—but to get somewhere and back. We do not surrender ourselves to the genius of an alien people; we are not willing to sit at the feet of India or of Japan that we may receive that which they have to impart of themselves, but there is danger instead that we shall Americanise, Anglicise, Teutonise the whole world. Tourists are the modern vandals whose ferocious onslaughts make the old

civilisations to tremble. There is not anywhere a place frequented by them but has lost some of its essential character and come to wear the self-complacent smirk of those who fatten on the gullibility of the newly travelled.

Never again shall we behold that Europe we saw, when, fresh from college we roamed, knapsack on back, our heads full of romantic dreams. Those were halcyon days, and ours the Europe of romance. Rouen, Nuremberg, and Florence were not towns peopled largely by respectable burghers quietly conducting their affairs, but mediæval and wonderful, and over them lay the glamour of a chivalrous and adventurous past, as real to our bewitched eyes as the enchantment of fairy tales to children. We saw with the eyes of poets and dreamers, a legendary Venice, a fabulous Rome, an enchanted Rhine. Halcyon days indeed—but who shall say which is the real Paris, the real Venice? They are all things to all men, as the self-same forest is an enchanted wood to the child, a quiet refuge to the poet, and a mere tract of timber to the lumberman. See them then with the eye of youth and of romance, nor wait until Paris has become only a world of shops and

cafés and London a place in which to buy ill-fitting clothes because they are cheap.

You have been to Italy, yes, but to which Italy? Have you been to Dante's Florence, to the Venice of the Doges, the Rome of the Cæsars? There was one Florence, but there have been many Romes, and there are people who see none of these but only the Rome, the Paris, the Naples of hotel corridors and *table d'hôte* dinners. Our school histories gave us a false perspective and taught us Europe was but a battle ground, a chessboard, on which kings and captains pranced about. A stupid view—as if history were all politics and war; as if the King of this and the Duke of that, rather than Horace and Virgil, Plato and Aristotle, Angelo and Da Vinci, were the masters. And so we must all go to see where the King of France and his ten thousand men marched up a hill and down again.

The chief end of travel is to transport one to a new point of view, a new state of mind. We are to travel out of the rut in which we live into some broader field where we may look upon a new horizon. Naturally those countries with a history and a literature are best endowed to render this service. It is very little that Patagonia can do for one;

relatively little that one's own country can do. A change of climate is not enough; we must have a change of customs, manners, and dress, of language and ideas, and it may be worth while to go where there are no manners, if only for variety. Why go to Florida to sit on a hotel porch and hear the accustomed gossip and lead the same artificial life? Rather let us hie to the mountains and the desert and associate with Indians and cowboys. For the spirit of the wild is friendly to our best interests. It is there we may be roughly detached from conventional thought, from the platitudes of society, and in the solitudes come to ourselves.

Beaten tracks are so many ruts of thought, where there is constant danger of encountering that which we are travelling to escape. The indispensable railroad is nevertheless a great leveller and the destroyer of individuality. It brings mediocrity as it brings freight, and the people along the line gradually surrender themselves in exchange for these and become less and less distinctive. Progress is to be the watchword of this century, and devil take the picturesque. That which is best worth seeing in any country is not mentioned in the guide-book and is only discovered by

accomplished travellers In Mexico to-day, you may, if you will, go back into the sixteenth century and find yourself in Old New Spain. You must leave the beaten track, strap on a revolver and cartridge belt, and mount a horse. On the Pacific coast trails you will fall in with mule trains which differ not a whit from those of the early days when the galleons from the far East landed their rich cargoes at Acapulco and Manzanillo to be transported across the continent on mule back. You may enjoy the society of reformed bandits and of hacendados, whose costume and whose manner of thought are more in accord with that day than with this; you may encounter an Indian people living in their primitive villages who have not yet heard of the Conquest. It is the land of magnificent distance, of superb desolation, of a vast perspective which invites the cramped thought to expand. One carries fewer prejudices on a horse or on foot and is thus able to penetrate a little nearer the heart of a country.

It is perhaps no more than accident that we are born Americans and not Englishmen, Frenchmen and not Germans, Aryan and not Semitic; yet we are filled with an over-

weening national pride, an inheritance of ancient tribal prejudices, while none acknowledge their debt to the chimpanzee without whose presence in the chain of evolution there might be no England or America. Those who have cooked an infant monkey have felt the revulsion of an imposed cannibalism, and yet we are prone to despise the man who merely speaks a different tongue from our own.

Travel, above all, should overcome this petty aversion, entertained by every people against every alien people, this insularity which is well-nigh universal and in respect to which New York is as provincial as Oshkosh and Kalamazoo; which exists in the United States between town and town, as it does in Persia, as it did in Syria at the beginning of our era, when it was asked "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" It well may happen now as then that the stone which the builders rejected shall become the corner-stone. If travel has not taught us to judge men as men, and not as Roman or Greek, it has indeed taught us little.

Happily there are still neglected spots in Europe where progress has not become the fetich: Brittany, for example, and the beau-

tiful Dolomite country. To saunter leisurely through these delectable regions, conversing with the simple peasants, watching them at their work, stopping in their houses, yielding them a sympathetic interest, is to turn back the years a little and to see a phantom youth on the mind's horizon. But it is a mistake to stay too long in a foreign country; it is a mistake to stay too long on earth, for that matter. When the sympathies have dried up; when interest has faded, and contempt, indifference, and a flippant cynicism have taken its place, it were better to move on. If the mind is warped, the eye grows dull and no longer sees beauty. But the traveller with a mind fresh for impressions finds all alluring and full of new interest, as youth finds life good.

What has each country to teach; what is its peculiar charm? Ours is a land of little leisure, where the practical takes precedence. While we are the patrons of the arts, we have neither the atmosphere of art nor of music, but of commerce only. Yet it is easy to go about the world allying ourselves everywhere with that which we have traversed oceans and continents to escape. Few learn that the essence of travel is to travel away from

oneself. The good traveller leaves his America at home, and if he take his cut and dried opinions and prejudices to Tuticorin or the North Cape, congratulates himself that he has left them there and come back a different man. The atmosphere of Leipsic and Berlin is music, as of Paris and Rome it is art, and men go there to absorb this, which stimulates their faculties in a given direction. Italy has still more to offer the nervous American, in the example of a more deliberate ideal of living which it is of advantage to fairly contrast with our own. When we pride ourselves on our lack of leisure, it is because we do not distinguish between leisure and indolence. The art of doing nothing is worthy of consideration, especially by a people who wear out their brains in a life of perpetual action. To the Saxon progress, the Latin opposes his *dolce far niente*, and who shall decide which gets more out of life? Is it not perhaps the province of travel to instruct us in deriving the good from each, as the passing bee extracts nectar from the various flowers and works it into honey? So may we take the nectar of exotic blossoms, not overlooking our own good clover fields, and from it derive nutriment and some sweet.

As the vital periods of history are those in which flourished great and magnetic men, and the history of such times is no more than the biography of these personages, the interesting places of travel are those associated with these grandees of the race. Florence apart from the Medici, from Dante, from Savonarola does not exist. How rich is Rome in stored memories; how vast the wealth of London! To this day, Palestine is under a spell, so great was the force of one transcendent personality. In Greece, it is as if a race of giants had become extinct and were succeeded by pygmies. But the shades of the illustrious dead still people Athens, and the little inhabitants scurry between the legs of these unseen giants.

Places again which are the homes of crafts handed down from generation to generation have a peculiar charm; and more and more rare are these becoming, for the octopus of a pretentious and noisy progress is strangling the last faithful survivors of the beautiful crafts. Navajo blanket, Mexican zerape, and Persian rug have succumbed to the aniline dye. How great a part have the violins of Stradavarius played in the history of feeling, but there is left to Cremona only the memory

of a vanished glory. This is the portion of many a quaint town whose guiding genius was the love of beauty. We may well ask: What are to be the compensations for the decay of the best fruit of the past and the flowering of an age in which we are to live by electricity and view with passionless eyes a sordid world given to the worship of money? To the experienced traveller it is a discouraging question, and he finds himself journeying less and less by the map and seeking the remote and inaccessible in his effort to escape the far-reaching tentacles of the octopus. But nothing is final to the philosopher. Evils carry their own correction and every age must have its compensations. To him the passing phases of thought are so many beads strung on that endless string—the tendency to Good.

A wise rule is not to travel too fast or too much, lest we exhaust this resource. Interest, more than any other factor in life, is the friend of youth, the enemy of age. They grow old slowly who keep their interest in life. Languages, customs, and religions of strange peoples, and no less the botany, ornithology, and geology of strange lands afford delectable fields. We carry with us

so many films, as it were, which are exposed to this and that influence and the developed negatives stored in the mind. While some men bring home a supply of well composed pictures, others have no more than blurred negatives of ill-chosen subjects. An observant habit, artistic sense, and cultivated mind, are the requisites of the good mental photographer. The number and still more the character of these negatives indicate to what purpose one has travelled, and it is only now and then from original and comprehensive minds that we are presented with a set of impressions, distinctive and of value.

Highly sensitised films will receive their most delicate and subtle impressions in the Orient. As the camera has revealed in the heavens what is not apparent to the telescope, much less to the eye, so there are special films in the mind which, recording nothing in our world, instantly make revelations when exposed to the life of the wonderful East. It is perhaps safe to say that no European ever has or ever will understand the Orient. Lafcadio Hearn has, more than any other Westerner, approached an understanding and at the same time clearly shown how wide is the gulf. Essentially religious and meta-

physical, the Eastern ideal is not our ideal; its life is not our life. We may even believe that the surprising metamorphosis of Japan is not of the heart but an outward change merely, induced by the necessity of preserving her national integrity. Hearn himself has characterised it as jiu-jitsu, that peculiar Samurai art of self-defence through apparent yielding, whereby one's opponent is made to break his own arm, his shoulder, even his neck, by his own strength cleverly diverted against him. The stronger he is, so much the worse for him. Here is the attitude of Japan. Could any position be more nearly inexplicable from a western view-point? In time, a purely outward change must of necessity affect the integrity of the inner life of that people, as indeed it has already tainted their art—there is no serving beauty and Mammon.

No change could be more radical than is presented to the traveller who, once in Japan, slips into that quiet Buddhist world, that world of great peace and of beautiful little things. In the days of the daimios, a samurai might kill for the provocation of not smiling, or of not smiling properly; hence with such traditions much politeness now.

Immemorial traditions, too, of art and the centuries-developed capacity to see things in a beautiful light; again of thought-control, long practised, and serene Buddha-teaching of right living in view of inexorable karma. To enter that atmosphere is to eat of the lotus. Senses are steeped in its subtle magic, till they respond to finer and finer stimuli. The mind takes on some of the exquisiteness of Japanese ideals of beauty, and thinks in terms of lacquer, bronze, and ivory, of Satsuma and cloisonné; feels the mystic spell of brooding daibutsus, old temples in cryptomeria groves, and sweet temple bells, and dreams a new dream. A stork, a cherry blossom, a plum tree is something more than it was, appearing in a new and strangely beautiful light and a new relation, allied rather to thought than to elemental nature.

If there is anything in contrasts as affecting the force and vividness of impressions, it were better to work from the Mediterranean eastward; for to start with Japan is like beginning with the climax of a book. Thus Constantinople and Cairo, after India, are in the nature of an anti-climax. No other country in the world can stimulate thought and imagination like India, where men ne-

gate the specious worldly ideas by which we live, and which to us seem so large and important, and sit lost in metaphysical dreams; where not sensuous, but superconscious, life is the goal of a people, to whom our facts are illusion and our illusion their fact. This India, inwardly wrapped in mystic slumbers and outwardly blazing in barbaric colour, was the cradle of religion, of philosophy. In Vedic times, nay in the days of Atlantis, she pondered the riddle of life, and with eyes closed, saw another world more real to her than this. If she opened her eyes, it was to see a phantom world, a mirage on the desert where she pitched her tent for a night. Much has been said of what India has to teach the West; much might be said of what we may teach India. One lesson the thoughtful traveller learns in the East—that there, religion is life, and whatever form it may take, it is none the less first in the hearts of the people. India is not one country, but many, and the fighting Ghurkas and Sikhs, the obsequious Bengali, the Mahrata and Rajput are scarcely even countrymen. But wherever a Yogi meditates, whether in Madras or on the Tibetan frontier, the key of that India is the Upanishad.

This is the age of travel, and the traveller pays tithe to the whole world. He well may ask himself to what end, if his insight has not deepened, if his sympathies have not broadened with his journeys and become less provincial, more nearly universal, in his growing sense of the solidarity of the race. Under the many masks there is one heart, as there is one mind. Let him put off his tribal prejudices and become a citizen of the world, which is after all but a point in space. Everywhere virtue is the health of man, insincerity and self-interest his disease. Everywhere is illusion; nevertheless in every age and in every land truth awaits her discoverers.

CHAPTER XI

READING

A MAN may be known by the books he prefers, as by the company he keeps. A book is a man on paper instead of in the flesh, and from shyness or pedantry some prefer to seek men in books only, like those naturalists who confine themselves to skins and specimens rather than to the birds and flowers of the fields. It must be admitted that some society is best enjoyed at this safe distance and the acquaintance of many clever and eccentric minds is thus made—men impossible socially, who none the less reflect some brilliant phase of the one Intellect.

We have in books the most cosmopolitan society in the world, and what is more than all else, the society of the great, the illustrious, the noble minded in all times. Yet libraries do not take the place of actual and present intercourse with men, and the solitary bookworm eschewing companionship

and burning the midnight oil—reading about life rather than living—is himself but the ghost of a man.

While of the making of books there is no end and libraries have become not only repositories of the living, but mausoleums for the host of dead books, the serious reader counts relatively few friends among them all, few he keeps ever with him, whom he reads year after year and to whom he can turn in his need. These are his intimates with whom he communes in solitude, and it is this chosen few who are, in the deepest sense, more than a resource, even a refuge and a present help. They will not be the same with all men nor the same with any one man in every phase of his life. Some books have for us a message for this day only and are immediately left behind. They are guide-posts on the wayward journey of life. Others again—and these be few—are as the fixed stars by which the mariner shapes his course. Such books are of universal import, applying equally to all times and places and were written by universal men, men whom the world calls inspired.

Few in any age can read the bibles of the world understandingly, yet at no time is

their message altogether unheeded. We read as we must, that is according to our capacity. If we accept the letter only, it is because we are not qualified to do more. It is an old maxim that he who knows one religion knows none. But one meets few persons who are really familiar with the Gita, and seldom one who has studied the Upanishads or the Dharmapada. Yet these are the fixed stars. Religion is faith, but where that faith is buttressed by the authority of books there should be wide reading. An acquaintance with Hillel and Philo may throw some light on the thought-world of Jesus. Read the early history of the Church, and above all study the history and chronology of that miscellaneous collection, the Bible. Compare the Buddhist canon with the gospels, the Buddhist birth stories with the Christian legend. Again, inquire into the character and influence of neo-Platonic thought. Why is it that we modern Aryans should borrow so exclusively from Semitic sources, while completely ignoring the vast body of religious thought of our Aryan forefathers?

So considerable is our debt to antiquity, it passes understanding that this legacy should have descended to us through such

lapses of time and not have miscarried or been lost. In every instance it is the shadow of a man projected across the centuries, but this was possible only because upon him the effulgent Soul shed its light. It seems little less than miraculous that the Rig Veda should have been handed down, as Max Muller assures us, through many centuries by word of mouth before it was committed to writing. I have here a little book written five centuries before our era in the mountains of China in the province of Cho, whose presence renews in me a sense of the worth of man and the dignity of letters. While at the same time the query arises: Where are the books of yesterday? How many readers were there for the notable papyri of antiquity, the manuscripts of later times, or the first books? Few were familiar with the Roman poets in their own day, yet they were not lost to view but have descended to the present, while their contemporaries—the rich, the proud, the powerful—were soon forgotten. The true poet outlives his age, his country, his language, to become the idol of an alien people in a remote period. His language may die but his thought blossoms again and again in new tongues.

Our reading best serves the end of character in so far as it makes for breadth not less than loftiness of view. We inquire of men how large is their world, not what books have they read. Let them read their eyes out, still men of large prejudices and narrow sympathies expand slowly. But for the growing men, the world would have stagnated long since: men who do not remain imprisoned in any village, custom, or prejudice and to the timid appear dangerous. Measure yourself with every good book and see if it contains you, or you it. We criticise what we do not understand, whereas it may well be that our understanding is at fault. Thank your stars if you know any incomprehensible men. It was shrewdly observed that the once and a half witted are classed with the half witted. For the same reason mediocrity passes for sanity. That author is to be cultivated who is able to give a new point of view, above all a broader one. Some shallow books of good style lead you down an alley and show you a blank wall—avoid them! A few books take you to the mountains where you may look abroad. Reading is not living, but pre-eminently is it an aid thereto, and to live, means to grow. Sympathy comes with understand-

ing. The study of Greek and Roman periods, or of the lives of savages, enables us better to understand what is Greek or Roman, and what is savage, in the lives of men to-day; the moods and reflections of poets, to divine the motives and feelings of humanity.

In biography, over and above the personal, there is always a universal significance. We have the will, intellect, and temperament of a man exposed to view with its antecedents, environment, influences, and we see the result. The biographies of some men are martial and inspiriting music. Lives of pioneers, frontiersmen, and Indian fighters exhale courage, daring, and hardihood; not less is this true of the pioneers in thought. Such books are meat for strong men. High and manly qualities appeal to the same in us. Though these lie dormant or unrecognised, they will still respond in some degree to the magic words upon the page. It is in this sense that good reading is spiritual exercise, stimulating and giving tone to the moral being. We need no better proof of the universal power of suggestion.

Faculties, like sinews, grow through use; hence the value of contact with original minds who cause us to think in some new

way, or at least in some new direction. Leave open the door, for never do you know in what hour the harbinger of a better life may appear. When the right thought falls upon good ground it sets in motion activities whose result no man can foretell. I recall how a certain chapter in one of Balzac's novels was the beginning of a spiritual awakening; how a brochure on bird study once opened on the instant a new world; and again that a little pamphlet of Prentice Mulford was fraught with immense practical suggestion not before thought of.

In autobiography we have the intimate revelation of an original mind. Though it be no more than the declaration of an egotist, there is something to be gleaned from his self-scrutiny. Such books as Rousseau's and Augustine's *Confessions*, Amiel's *Journal*, Jeffrie's *Story of My Heart*, and Marie Bashkirtseff's *Diary*, but disclose phases of the common nature as interpreted by interesting and original, if too self-conscious, persons. We do not sufficiently realise that the average man has in him something of the poet though he altogether lacks the gift. Take any company of staid business men into the woods, let them forget their cares

for a day, and they will presently voice their love of beauty, of simplicity and of freedom. Aspiration is not peculiar to a few gifted men, notwithstanding they alone are able to give it an adequate expression. The world is ever soul hungry and never more so than in a material age. Idealism is its hope, and every prophet of the ideal shall be welcome for his light, though it shine but dimly. The light is not his; it comes from above, and pure indeed must be the glass that transmits a perfect ray.

Poetry, like music, dissolves those chains the mind forges for itself. Imprisoned by our lack of self-trust, by an ignoble prudence, like caged birds we long to be free. The poet is the magician who permits us to soar for a moment only to be speedily caught once more in the snare of the fowler. His enchantment is due less to the rhythm of his verse and the magic of his words than to his vision, the ideal which is his to communicate. Whitman, one of the most liberalising influences in modern thought, owed little or nothing to the charm of his verse—if verse it can be called,—and affects us through the elemental quality of his idea, the breath of his vision. He did not so much write poems

as gather material for them. But the world is larger and better to every man who has read him understandingly. His poem is a rough uncut stone, compared with the flawless and polished gems of Keats and Tennyson. Mastersingers such as they, move us through the beauty of their utterance, the refinements of their thought, into seeing the same world in a new light, and yield us vague glimpses of other and shadowy worlds which are merely new combinations of the elements of feeling.

It is his sense of the thing the poet gives us, and this may be more beautiful than the thing itself. He diffuses about it exquisite gradations of light and colour, but from within always. With what charm Wordsworth invests humble scenes of life—Wordsworth the poet, that is, for Wordsworth the preacher, is tedious enough. Shelley admits us to the most impersonal view of nature of any of the poets—a world apart from human life and animated by a spirit as fugitive as his own. The poet discovers to us the universal feeling, as the philosopher the universal reason. It is one light which passes through the many-sided prism of the mind. We see it as diversity, but the poet should

know it as unity and should draw us back to the Eternal One.

"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?" To the inspired vision the apparently detached and separate aspects of life are but parts of the whole, as mountain spurs belong to one range, rivers to a single system. Browning, no less than Emerson, is the poet of unity. A psychologist, he refers the tangled threads of human life to a single skein. To him, it is one primal mind-stuff, undergoing an evolution in the multiplicity of persons. What any man is, we might be under the same circumstances. With understanding comes tolerance and patience. These prophets of the real, of unity in diversity, conveying to us intimations of a divine estate, cause us to vibrate to their spiritual strain.

There is no overstating the force of ideals, and it is as great a folly to associate with indifferent books as with cheap persons. That some men should value their leisure so little as to devote it to the books they do is surprising enough. Not everything between covers is a book; books are few and for company. They must be worth our time or the more fools we for giving it. If it is to be a

story, let us have a good tale by a prince of story tellers; if it be philosophy, a sane and helpful one; if poetry, inspired verse; biography, then the life of a man. Thought is the mind's food, and yet much of the world's reading is a diet of lollypops and much of its philosophy and religion, milk and water. Books were better written out of doors in the presence of the sane woods and fields than in any house. Give us robust thinkers who write because they must. Give us those who work for the love of the work, for love of beauty: athletes and pioneers, and not sick men and moral degenerates. As for style, the gem will stand any amount of polishing, and surely art is long; but the first consideration is to have something worth the saying. We have a great many clever workmen in these accomplished days, but they work with glass beads only; many well-finished trinkets, but only genius produces a polished gem. The crying need of the age is fewer books. Would that some Caliph Omar might invade our shores and burn the libraries of trash.

For a growing class of neurastheniacs and degenerates we have an abundant supply of pathologic literature—books dealing with

moral diseases. The world is conceived by these writers to be a general hospital. The reader is invited to a moral clinic. We have neurotic heroes and heroines moving in a society of cynical roués. This is art; this realism! Well, let us have nature then, and leave art for the asylum. For mark you, we of the mountains and the desert—tanned and robust—have no stomach for the dissecting room or the insane ward. If you cannot give us men of sound heart and sound passion in your books we prefer to read tales of dogs and wolves. Alas! the truculent spirit of sensationalism has invaded the woods also, and there are no longer real wolves and bears

Why is it we have such a taste for fiction, when fact is stranger and more inspiring? What paper heroes have we to compare with the Spanish padres who traversed the American deserts alone, armed only with the cross? Great is advertising, in books as in other things, and mighty is the pen of the skilful advertiser. We no longer know what to think till we have read the morning paper. We buy our opinions for a cent; our tastes and our diseases are a matter of hypnotism. "Have you read the last novel?" These

novels are like the soups of Italian inns. It is always hot water and macaroni, but they vary the shape of the macaroni. It is one day little squares, again little circles, anon the alphabet. So have we one novel appearing day after day in a new guise; a swarm, but one genus, one species. Ephemera all! and if you have caught and examined one May-fly before it dies—it will answer.

As for the newspapers—what can possibly happen to any man anywhere that did not happen in imperial Rome or ancient Babylon? It is the same corruption, the same scandal, the same sleep walking now that it was then, but it is better advertised. The political outlook is the same as it was in Nineveh—and what has become of Nineveh? Verily there is no new thing under the sun. Men are no better and no worse, but more of them are better, that is the cheering sign of the times. The evolution of the mind goes on apace because of reading, and in spite of it. The mills of the gods are grinding. Works the potter at his wheel. All the clay of the Roman Empire to form one emperor that should not be forgotten, all the clay of ancient Greece for a philosopher or two.

Yet from the star of antiquity, long since ashes, streams upon us still some effulgent rays we name art and philosophy, as the light yet reaches us from those immeasurably distant suns which became extinct before Rome was founded.

True, we can no more do without newspapers than without tubs. Products of evolution, both are among the chief agents of civilisation. It is too much to expect that papers should be edited by philosophers, psychologists, and philanthropists. It is not too much to demand that they should give us fact, and not fiction in the name of fact; that they should minister to the desires of a rational and healthy, not a neurotic and diseased public mind. Why dip each morning into a flood of crime and casualty in the columns of the paper any more than into a tub filled from the sewer rather than from the springs? Possessing a power for good which is immense they have none the less fostered in the public consciousness love of the sensational and criminal. They have thrown human flesh to the tigers, and now the beasts mow and growl and lick their chops. Quite as much as any pure food law—beneficent as that may be—do we need a pure thought law;

and with all our sanitary precautions why not some supervision of the mental health?

The antidotes for this overweening love of exaggeration, of sensationalism, this tendency to take refuge in fiction rather than in reality, are the books of the scientists and naturalists. It is true, alas, that fiction and sensationalism have invaded natural history, but there are quacks in every profession; true, also, that science has its dogmas, but its votaries are pre-eminently apostles of truth, the faithful and devoted few in a world of shams. Above any other class of men do your scientists—geologists, astronomers, physicists, philologists, and archæologists—work for love of the work; above all others do they aim at the truth and are content with the truth. Astronomer and geologist know very well that they cannot possibly conceive of anything more marvellous than the facts which confront them and which they patiently work to lay bare; these they could not exaggerate if they would. The attitude of science is rectitude, precision, consecration. It aims to arrive not at conclusions that please but at conclusions that are just; and if it fail, it is an honest failure. If it is too material, it is at the same time a good friction brake

to a credulous public, ready to believe any nonsense. Dealing exclusively with a sensuous world, it will not hear of anything it cannot weigh or measure. But the leaven of the spirit is ever working. Already matter has become very intangible to the doctors of mathematics and physics. Slowly science is being forced out of its materialistic rut, and when it comes to stand for things spiritual, as come it must, it will be with the assurance of the sage and not the cant of the theologian.

In conclusion, what better can be said than that reading should be an aid to thought, not a substitute for thinking. Do you read to lose or to find yourself? As much as we can assimilate in books serves us; more gives mental indigestion. Philosophy is exercise for the reason, poetry for the emotion, history and biography, tales of travellers in life. No book can do more than teach us to think and bring into activity unused areas of the mind and brain. Reading is a part of the process of self-discovery. Books are company; choose then, to be with gentlemen and men of taste in Letters. A library—a library card—is an *entrée* to the most distinguished society as well as to much that is stupid and

vulgar. What a charming significance in *belle-lettres*—beautiful thoughts, taste, workmanship; something far away from the sordid and mean; a world of delicate perceptions and half-sensuous, half-spiritual influences,—rare, exquisite, and admirable! What the telescope is to the astronomer, books are to the inquiring mind, revealing new worlds. We read, not so much to lose ourselves in starry spaces, as to enlarge our own domain. For what any man has written, proceeded from that mind common to us, and our excursions in books are but self-explorations to the end of a larger domain within ourselves.

CHAPTER XII

MUSIC

IT was a beautiful idea of Plato's that the Soul, being native to the realm of beauty, on coming into this world is haunted by memories of its lost estate and goes about ever seeking to regain it. Of somewhat similar purport is the Indian allegory of the prince taken in infancy from his father's palace and brought up by cowherds, but gradually becoming aware that the squalid life in which he found himself was not his own. Princes are we of the royal blood, inheritors of the kingdom, but wanderers all on a foreign shore. Dull and besotted must he be who has never yearned for the fatherland, the home of the Soul. Of that world, music, not less than religion and philosophy, is an intimation.

Music above all other arts is psychological. Wagner showed his genius not more in the character of his motifs, than in that psycho-

logical subtlety with which he correlates the motif with the immediate thought and feeling of the actor or with the events of the drama. These motifs are to be interpreted as the actual emotions experienced—emotions made, not visible, but audible. In *Tristan*, for instance, the music is the very passion itself, as if Tristan and Isolde thought not in words, but in notes. In the *Trilogy*, the import is cosmical and there are felt, as perhaps in no other music, intimations of the Soul's apparent wandering in the phenomenal, with the dim recognition of its own imperishable world of beauty.

The ear of genius hears ever and anon the Walhalla motif, the divine, calling to the human. "The sane," it has been said, "always hear music." We are deafened by the discords of the world, the clamour of our inharmonious thoughts. Were we completely sane, were we in perfect tune, doubtless we should hear the morning stars singing together.

Life eternal is itself harmony—harmony which is the principle of the universe. But in our living we are so many discordant instruments, afflicting ourselves with the scraping of strings, the wheezing of horns.

Harmony is complete and immutable; in us is the friction. If we will but tune our Æolian harps, the winds shall play for us. Alas! no human instrument remains long in accord. It is not we who create harmony, but harmony which uses us. Not even the master can play upon a poor violin, and beauty, which is inner and spiritual, becomes audible and visible only through mediums which are in the nature of things imperfect. Hence it is that:

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.

Socrates, being admonished in dreams to study music, reflected that philosophy was itself the best music. But music is feeling, not reason. If beauty is truth, then is music a feeling for the eternal beauty, as philosophy is a feeling for the eternal reason. To the emotional temperament, all perceptions tend to resolve themselves into feeling. Without temperament there can be philosophy but there can be no music. The world has never been swayed solely by reason and never will be. It has been governed more by undisciplined feeling. Now the ideal of art is the disciplined feeling for beauty. All art then,

and all philosophy, are an attempt—a partial realisation, an imperfect expression—of that which is perfect. Perfection alone is eternal and unseen; its expression must be temporal. "I, the imperfect, adore my own perfect." Thus might genius ever exclaim. We do not see, as Jesus saw, that religion is nothing more nor less than realisation of the eternal. As the pure in heart shall see God, so shall the mind in accord with itself see beauty. We see in part, darkly through the glass of illusion, but let us remember when it is darkest that truth, that harmony, is the enduring reality.

This groping for the imperishable ideal in a world of imperfections has produced all that is best in art. While poets and musicians have lamented the shadow of a passing world, they have exclaimed in the light of a changeless sun:

> Rejoice, we are allied to that which doth provide
> and not partake.

No more beautiful lament has the world ever known than the music of Chopin, the swan song of a poet, of a nation. The intricacy of his harmonies was in ratio to the complexity of his emotions. Ravished by beauty,

he yet fed on melancholy, discovering new combinations of notes in the effort to portray the extreme subtlety of his feeling, and so, framing from three sounds, "not a fourth sound, but a star." Over the North and in the heart of its people broods the spirit of sadness. By some strange fatality, it is the sorrow of life, rather than its joy, which has produced the best music. It is perhaps because the world is less bright that the mind seeks solace more readily in an inner sphere of melody. Music, like religion, has its birth, not in outer prosperity and sunshine but in travail and darkness. It is native to the land of the pine rather than that of the palm.

Like religion, too, it is not of this world, but a refuge, opening the door to worlds more beautiful. The great composers have been magicians, their compositions cabalistic inscriptions, magic formulæ, whose effect passes the bounds of all other enchantment. Coarse indeed are opiates and wine compared to the spiritual stimulus of music—music which will not bear translation, but is itself a language, the most subtle, the most beautiful of all; it is perhaps the speech of an invisible and superior race, imperfectly re-

vealed to us, and to whom our rude dialects are as the inarticulate cries of the dumb. Perchance it is our native tongue, the language of the spiritual world, that Fatherland from which we strayed to become imprisoned here in matter. So it may be that the harmonies of the masters are memories no less than prophecies.

Music, then, in its higher and purer forms is peculiarly a resource because of its other-worldliness, speaking to us not of that which we know, but of that which we feel, of which our intuition rather than our experience apprises us. The appeal which it makes to the receptive mind differentiates it from all other impressions. Sensuous inasmuch as we require an ear; intellectual in that we need a cultivated ear; it is essentially spiritual because what we hear will depend on what we are—upon the possession of an inner ear, the realisation of an inner life. Men are born musicians, as they are born poets, and a master of technic is not necessarily a musician, any more than a professor of philosophy is a philosopher.

That bits of wood and brass and a few gut strings, in themselves grossly material, should, when cunningly contrived and manipulated,

conduce to a result in its nature so immaterial, is perhaps no more astonishing than that the spirit should fashion for itself a body from the dust. We are ourselves but so many instruments, not playing but played upon. Some men are by nature and fitness no more than drums and cymbals; some have the quality of wood-winds, others of violins and cellos. Few have been the Cremonas. When we consider that not only must there be invented and perfected instruments which shall produce qualities of sound, as unlike as that of oboes and cornets, bassoons and cellos, flutes and violins, harps and horns; but that there must be evolved skilful performers and a genius of harmony to compose symphonies for them to play, we may affirm that music, the latest of the arts, evinces as much as ought else the progress of man towards the spirit.

The power to make us forget the world of sense, while opening the door to some kingdom of harmony and the ideal, is the property of the most exalted music only. At times, the masters rose above the earth, and composed not in this world, but in that other whose idiom they used. In our divine moods, or when the heart is heavy, we gladly

escape through the door which they have opened. This is not the music of humanity, but rather of divinity. Below lies the whole range of distinctly human and sensuous music; not less a resource, but a resource of a different kind, for it emphasises in place of offering escape from the human element, its joy and sorrow, its comedy and tragedy.

A poem may appeal by its rhythm and metre quite independently of any idea it contains, and in so far as it does this it is music. As native to us as the sense of hearing is the sense of rhythm, hardly less than self-consciousness a distinguishing quality of the human mind. Man is more susceptible to rhythm than to reason. Both are cosmic, but while his mind awakens slowly to the immortal reason, it responds instinctively to the universal rhythm. He knows it first in the beat of the heart and feels it in the songs of the cricket and the hyla, the soughing of the pine, the thunder of the surf. Men danced and sang long before they read, and the music of the people is an echo of far off times, of primitive man, nay of the sylvan foreworld of fawn and satyr. They have not such good reason who scorn the popular music, the "rag time" of the day, for this,

too, has somewhat of primeval vigour and savagery and, in its swinging rhythm, appeals not only to some element of boldness but resurrects in us the sense of freedom. Let us have by all means this "barbaric yawp" sounding its clarion call to over-conventionalised minds. Society has grown timid because of property; the people have not, having nothing to lose, and the insolent hurdy-gurdy, flinging its bold defiance in deafening and rhythmical waves in the city streets, voices the ancestral savagery in their hearts.

Much nonsense is current about sacred and secular music. As if the average hymn were not profane for its heaviness and mediocrity and a nocturne of Chopin divine for its inspiration and beauty. Sacred music is often enough consecrated, neither to the next world nor to this, but to the Church merely. Conventional and uninspired like our prayers and our sermons, it invokes no muse. It is not the song of the spirit, free and untrammelled; it is not the song of health and courage, but of weakness and despair. "There is no health in us," we whine, and the gods are deaf. That is truly sacred music which sounds the triumph of the Spirit, not the weakness of the flesh. If religion means

anything it means this,—that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, there is strength. Let us harken then to some Walhalla motif; let us have the song of the Soul. Heaven is harmony—now and hereafter. And if we truly seek God, in church or out of it, it shall be by addressing ourselves to harmony.

Universal is the power of suggestion. Whether we think harmony in words or in notes, it is one, its reaction the same. As a discord is a shock to the ear, a discordant thought is a shock to the mind and the nerves. Some minds, like some ears, are less sensitive to this, as certain people are colour-blind or lack the sense of smell.

As vibrations will crystallise steel and destroy its usefulness, so will discordant waves weaken the structure of the mind, crystallising, it may be, the cells of the brain. The science of thought like the science of harmony is based upon fundamental laws which cannot be violated without producing confusion. The suggestion of harmony, whether the harmonic waves are communicated through music or through speech or through the eye, makes for sanity and for health. There is good reason why music

should have some therapeutic value. If it will charm the serpent and soothe the savage breast, it has power to dispel negative emotion, as light dispels darkness.

All is hypnotism. Life is a mesmeric sleep where one state of mind follows another, induced by afferent impressions. Of the many influences which play upon us music is one of the most potent. Our feet move to the dance; our heads are bowed to the dirge. Men whose infancy was soothed by lullabys are inflamed by battle hymns. Enough that it may charm in us the serpent of care; that it open to us its beautiful Utopia. But the increasing complexity of our emotional life has kept pace with the growing complexity of our civilisation. We no longer do anything simply. Like the drunkard we crave more and more stimulant. We are emotional topers; we wish for that in music as in literature which shall excite rather than satisfy our emotion. The world must be melodramatic to be interesting. Hence the general decadence of the nervous system of a race, strained and snapped by the intensity of its life. We no more listen to a Haydn duo than we read the stories of Jane Austen. There is need of sedatives to our emotion

rather than so much stimulant. Listening recently to chamber music, as classical as it was unemotional, I came away relieved temporarily of the burden of feeling and calmed as by a philosophic discourse. According with an old fashioned simplicity and directness of life, rather than with our present complexity, it made a pure emotionalism seem highly coloured and almost vulgar.

Beneficent is the music, the poetry, which encourages quiet and pastoral moods, in sympathy with green fields, pleasant meadows, and still waters, with flocks of sheep and smiling vineyards, with piping shepherds and the pursuits of the humble; which recalls for us the sweet morning of youth with its simple and natural pleasures. It is this which renews in us for a fleeting moment the heart of a child, restoring that which a proud and foolish world and our own vanity have been at pains to deprive us—the kingdom of heaven.

How remote is the true world of music from the "musical world" with its cavilling schools, its carping critics, its professional pride and egotism. Pharisaism casts its grim shadow over all. But only the pure in heart see the ideal, and he who loves praise above

truth, and flattery above beauty, shall hardly enter in at the door. There is no serving two masters; beauty demands all. If there be not consecration, she slowly withdraws into her own world leaving the unfaithful, they who loved themselves more than they loved her, the world above their work, to perish of the affliction common to little men in art—the disease of egotism.

Let us not neglect the woods and fields, for there we hear the music of sanity and the chant of the earth forever rejuvenating herself. Soothing and companionable are the murmuring brook, the pattering rain, and rustling leaves; sweet and humble songs which renew in us the poetic vision and the sense of peace. Redwing in the swamp and robins in the orchard voice the spring song in our hearts. We are lyrical with oriole and grosbeak, cheerful and content with the chickadee, serene and exalted with hermit and wood-thrush. The songs of the ruby kinglet and the winter wren appeal to that in us which is Arcadian still; the simple lay of song and vesper sparrows, to our primitive and pastoral selves. That which inspires this minstrelsy is the source of our own inspiration as well. In the subconscious depths of our being we

are still primitive man. And if perchance we once dwelt in some Arcadia, then in us lingers the ineradicable memory responding to the pure lyric of the fields. In these bird voices, Orpheus ever calls to his Eurydice in us.

Even trees have their songs and find expression in this way. Lofty pines of the primeval forest are never silent but, having ascended into some sphere of unceasing melody, convey its message to the listener below in sylvan chants. They thus symbolise in their melodious state the genius of the musician whose faculties, ascending into the empyrean, transmit to this world the trump of its harmonies, the language of that higher world to which his muse has lead him.

Nature would have us melodic, and the Soul admonishes us to attune our harps to celestial airs. Poor is that life which has no melody, no song; which finds no channel for its hidden springs, no outlet for its feeling. Few have the great gift; few are the master-singers, but at least we may vibrate to their harmonies and mingle with them in that melodious sphere which is no more theirs than ours, but the heritage of mankind. As the violin improves with use, even so we are

mellowed as we become expressive. Melody is sweetness; harmony is peace. From our discords we shall take refuge in these as in a holy place. Out of sorrow, aye, out of the brooding sorrow of the world, has come its redemption. The axe was laid at the root of the tree that a Cremona might have being, that the wish of the master might take form. If humanity has agonised and endured that music should come into the world, in the god-like child thus born it shall find its solace. Music, which is of heaven, descended upon earth only in answer to the yearning of the human heart; and only as we have lived and suffered shall we fully enjoy.

CHAPTER XIII

MONEY

THOREAU'S asseveration that he would not be *so busy getting a living that he had no time to live* supplies a wise text for a sermon on money. If it was a pertinent comment in his day, how much more in this? For that matter times change little. The world, always engrossed in what it calls getting a living, has never yet had time to live. So rapidly do wants increase that the luxuries of one age are the necessities of the next. Whereas the supply of gold has greatly augmented, it buys less and we must have more of it. In the richest age in history we have come upon hard times, because our needs are much greater than ever before and none are willing to simplify the matter by reducing their wants.

"If Mithila my capital, is in flames" said the ancient mystic, "nothing that is mine will be consumed"—a state of mind inex-

plicable and absurd to the man whose income is subject to the news from Russia or the weather in Montana and who, far from seeking first the kingdom of heaven, is content to leave that for his death-bed. Yet this same man discovers all too late that he has missed the pearl of great price; that all his life he has cherished the symbol and overlooked the reality, pursued the shadow and lost the substance. His knowledge dies with him, for this, no son inherits from his father, no age from the preceding. Young America fails where failed young Assyria, and the old man laments, as lamented the old men of Nineveh, that he has gathered to himself not wealth but money, not resources within but assets without; and with only such external means to meet an inner and spiritual liability, he dies bankrupt, as have died a million million sad old men before him.

Only by comparison with other periods may we hope to accurately gauge our own times. That in which we are immersed is of necessity not clearly seen, and the effort to enter the spirit of another age that we may acquire perspective in viewing the present is instructive. Indeed it would be well could we step off the earth altogether, if for no

more than a quarter of an hour. Some semblance of this advantage have they who ascend in balloons; they again who as archæologists are made familiar with some remote past; or, as travellers, with customs and manners essentially different from their own.

While there is no record of an age which was not in some sense commercial, no other has been as completely and abnormally so as the present. Literature, music, art, religion, politics—all that should be free from the commercial spirit—are tainted; every stream is polluted. Our creed is to get rich; we are money mad. We own everything but ourselves; control everything but our minds; buy everything but health and happiness. The root of the evil is not money, but love of money to the exclusion of all else; not riches, but indifference to capacity which is the real wealth; not assets, but the failure to develop inner resources. We are the victims of a false and vulgar ideal, and this is the substance of the whole matter It is in the air that to have money is to have everything, and only the Lord shall change such a belief.

While the cost of living may be increasing, the love of display has increased tenfold more. Men are slaves not less to pretence than to

necessity, and under its lash they truckle and toady, flatter and fawn upon each other, dissemble and defraud, and call it business. Yet they are indifferent merchants, for it is said that ninety-five per cent fail, while some part of the five esteemed most successful have lately been convicted by the courts of a low and mean dishonesty. What proportion of the ninety and five surrendered their self-respect and their independence of spirit; what proportion of them have become soulless automata, mere wheels in the vast and inexorable machine of business, abandoning the resources of the cultivated mind in the attempt to gain the single resource of the uncultivated—the reports do not show.

In its sociological aspect, we are presented to-day with a curious spectacle. The world always afflicted with a criminal poor—for whom there is much excuse—is now afflicted with the criminal rich—for whom there is no excuse at all. The criminal poor are those whose hand is against society; but the criminal rich are they who by their acts undermine the foundations of their own house, as it is for the rich that society exists. The true inference is, not that a man is naturally depraved, but that he is more and more

estranged from virtue and sanity by the poison of a false ideal. Whether a man be drunk with alcohol or with love of money, the end is the same,—the gradual breaking down of moral barriers. It is a species of madness in either case. No one is more apt at self-justification than the sot, and similarly your money-drunkard, by a specious reasoning, has invented a new code of morals by which to justify himself. His god is the great god Trade, and the devotee, like the Aztec priests of Quetzalcoatl, offers the heart of his fellows upon his smoking altar. 'Tis his religion, his way of serving his god, his mad worship. He justifies his perjury, his bribery, his chicanery as the Aztec his murder—in the name of his god. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God—does he not so? This sort of religion has bred no heretics, is not affected with scepticism, but all its old men are cynics.

We might take a gloomy view of this madness which afflicts our age, this fanatical worship of a false god, and sigh for the good old days of honest bandits, in place of the sleek hypocrites of the twentieth century, did not the trend of events assure us of the sound heart of mankind. We are not all mad; we

do not all love money above honour and decency and civic righteousness. There is enough rude health in society to withstand the attacks of fever and delirium and to arise and renew itself. This much we have demonstrated, as the earthquake revealed the fitness and reliability of the steel structure.

In an ancient classic which contains the views, profound and chimerical, of a great and noble man, it is laid down as a maxim that the kingdom of heaven is for the poor alone. In this country to-day the distinction is not so much of rich and poor, as of capital and labour, and organised labour is more and more the oppressor of rich and poor alike. With less reason than ever can it be said that for such is the kingdom. It is safe to infer that Jesus inveighed against riches, not for any inherent evil in money itself, but because of the fatal power it possesses to absorb the mind to the exclusion of all nobler and more spiritual considerations. The doctrine would have been broader and less open to argument had it announced at the same time the unquestionable enriching of the heart and mind through the wise and beneficent use of money.

This absorption is perhaps no more peculiar

to wealth than to poverty—which shares equally the love of money. It is easier to believe the elect are neither the rich nor the poor but the wise; and whereas money does not buy wisdom, neither shall it necessarily hinder a man from attaining it. The socialist, while asserting with justice that some portion of the successful five habitually defraud and oppress the ninety and five less fortunate, fails to observe how indispensable to labour are the sinews of that capital he decries, without which it would be, not labour at all, but idleness; he fails again to note how considerable a portion of the unsuccessful are insolvent through their own incapacity and for no other reason; and he has not shown that the oppressed are more upright or more magnanimous than the oppressors. Rich and poor change places too often in these days to make the distinction an abiding one. The wintry soul and the measuring eye you shall find in the hovel and in the palace. If the financier is debarred by the cares and vanities of his world from the pursuit of more profitable things, just as surely is the labourer prevented by his daily toil.

The doctrine of poverty, always in evidence in Oriental religions, continues to find few ad-

vocates with us. In the East it was preached as a philosophical rather than as a sociological dogma. Pious mendicity is there esteemed to this day above riches or power. In renouncing that which is temporal and worthless, the religious mendicant is assumed to have gained for himself treasure which is real and enduring, namely the perception of the self—and self-knowledge is the summum bonum; a doctrine no less profound and mystical than it is inexplicable to the mass of mankind.

That we cannot equally serve God and Mammon is sufficiently obvious, but that the penniless serve God the better for their indigency has not been proved. The self-respecting poor, the truly humble, have at least this in their favour, that their lives are less artificial and less encumbered with trifles. But unless they are at the same time consecrated to the ideal beauty and truth, it cannot be affirmed that they are any nearer the diviner state than the rich. Surely the toil, the care, the grim and pitiless necessity that accompany an enforced and painful economy little promote the spiritual welfare. No wonder that victims of such poverty reflect upon the happiness of the rich, ignorant how

poor the rich may be in wisdom, in love, and in resources other than money.

As the world grows richer, standards of living necessarily change. The poor man with a well-heated house, be it ever so small, a good reading lamp, a cook stove, running water, a watch, a bicycle, a free library and a free school, enjoys luxuries such as no ancient monarch had.

Religion to-day is the religion of good works; the Church, a charitable organisation. Since the rich will not desist from the worship of Mammon, the Church has set itself to making that worship serve God as well, by ministering to the poor. It instructs the rich that they shall give bread, but it fails to admonish the poor that they cannot live by bread alone. By these signs you shall know it is material and not spiritual—ethical, not religious. You will hear men affirm that the nation would fall asunder were it not for its religion. The truth is, we have little or no religion; we have systems of morals and ethics, essential indeed, but not religion. What is charity to the dying, or money to the broken hearted? And how shall you console the rich who already have all things and are not happy?

He was indeed a wise man who said:—Give me neither poverty nor riches; for as we are pinched by want we are burdened with excess. Only they who have wealth realise how limited is the amount a man may spend upon himself with any satisfaction. Beyond that, all is superfluity; added care and responsibility on one hand, decreasing enjoyment on the other. A dinner is a dinner, but the unthinking look at the rich and vainly imagine they have satisfaction in eating two dinners at once. Only the wise believe in compensation. To have everything is to anticipate nothing, and who shall say that anticipation is not half the pleasure. The happiness of the poor waif with its rag doll, the indifference of the pampered child to its superfluity of toys, are excellent commentaries on life. We are but grown up children, the world a nursery, our possessions so many toys. The more things we have, the less is the satisfaction in any one of them. Do not believe that spoiled children are the happiest.

We are taught the worth of things but not their worthlessness. Few men cultivate any true sense of values. We are schooled in appearances, not in realities, and age

arrives through disgust and ennui at facts which would have been patent to its youth had it been trained to look below the surface. We value most what we have not. Wealth is not what it looks to the poor; nor is travel the delight it might seem to the stay-at-homes; nor learning the fine thing it appears to the unlearned. America is bent on going to Europe, but all Europe is making haste to escape to America. The city man longs for the country, the country man for the city. Every man's lot is the hardest.

Write this then in your heart, that the worth of what you have depends upon what you are. Money has just that value we have agreed to give it. To a savage in a jungle, it has none. Neither are the dower of the rich and the dower of the poor the same. You may buy the scholar's book, but it will not be the same book to you as it is to him; you may go into the woods with the naturalist but you will not see the woods that he sees; live next door to a philosopher and still be as remote from his world as the East is from the West; buy your way into society and have what you pay for—a patronising contempt. That which is not to be bought you will fail to acquire in any instance.

Let us no longer exaggerate the value of property; let us instead, if only for variety, emphasise the worth of man. He it is who has invented money to serve him, only to find it a taskmaster. The inventor is crushed by his invention. Let him learn to regard *things* with less deference and no longer be awed by all the pompous shallow-pates in the name of property. Let him scorn trade one day in the week at least and worship God the other six. And with the wise Emperor let him bear in mind that his purple is but sheep's hair twisted together and stained with the gore of a little shell-fish, his Falernian but the juice of a grape, his viands merely the carcass of a pig or of a fowl.

By working with his hands for six weeks, Thoreau found he could earn enough to support himself for the remainder of the year, devoting his leisure to study and observation. He was called a stoic, but rather was he the most pronounced epicure of his times, living in the present and sipping the sweets of every day while others postponed their lives. In his journal, he comments dryly on being criticised for aiding no poor family in the village while thus living in ease himself. Yet he taught a lesson to the spiritual poor

the world over and to that extent was a benefactor of his race. By the extent of his resources and the richness of his inner life, he showed how nearly superfluous wealth may become.

That which Thoreau enjoyed at Walden on twenty-seven cents a week, namely, leisure and freedom, few men deem themselves rich enough to possess. Yet over and above the necessities, what better can money buy? Indeed, what greater necessities are there than those, which bear the same relation to living itself that other things do to getting a living? Since it will not buy health or happiness, money can give nothing more to be desired than leisure and opportunity; but to enjoy these we must have wealth of another sort. To the men you know, apply this test: who can use leisure? for thus may you gauge their resources. What shall a man of no resources do with leisure, any more than a savage with bank-notes, knowing no bank where he may cash such a draft. Money is a means. It serves nobly such as have noble ends in view; it is the destruction of fools. Nothing can be more silly than the unqualified praise of money; it is good or bad according to the use made of it. Men

without root are soon withered in the sun of prosperity. More die of over-eating than of starvation, and men withstand hard times more readily than they do good fortune. There is no better test of character, in a nation or an individual, than the affect of prosperity. With such hard and practical facts let us confront the dogma of riches, believing it is better that a man should be master of himself than the dupe of fortune.

A few things money teaches: first, there is only so much enjoyment for each individual, and superfluities, in place of increasing the amount, merely dilute it; second, extravagance is morally enervating and produces weariness and disgust; third, the proper use of superfluous wealth is charity, and to do good, to be truly a benefactor, requires wisdom. To help a man help himself is the real benevolence, and whereas money may do this in one instance, it will hinder in another. If it requires ability to manage a fortune, it needs character to spend it. The spendthrift dissipates himself with his money, and that loss at least is difficult to retrieve. A gambler pays dear for his winnings; the thief steals from himself; the cunning are self-deceived. If the world does not admit this,

it is because it esteems money of more worth than man. It assumes that while the poor boy has a hard time to get on in the world, the way is easy for a youth who inherits a fortune. Nothing could be further from the facts. There is no greater handicap to an undeveloped character than superfluous wealth, which discourages effort and increases temptation. Where such a boy succeeds it is by his own effort and in spite of fate; while the self-made man is driven by the lash of necessity. To inherit money without inheriting character and judgment to go with it can only be a misfortune. Many such misfortunes are handed down to-day, and it only needs that the degenerate recipients become sufficiently preponderant as a class and the backbone of a nation, whether it be Rome or America, is weakened. Thus do we invite our dissolution and usher in the age of the Receding Chin.

To offset this there disembark at Castle Garden every year, a million or more of the hard-headed and thick-skinned of Europe, driven by necessity, and invading our shores as the Goths invaded Rome. In some sense it is tonic, but an overdose surely. Some part of this horde is incorporated in the

national fibre and will strengthen and reinforce the structure. But our strength should properly be evolved from within.

We hear on every hand the shallow and flagrant praise of wealth and display and at the same time the unqualified denunciation of the rich. There is need of wise and conservative counsel on the subject of money, the uses of capital, and the abuses of demagogues. Indispensable is the corporation to-day and indispensable is its regulation. It is no occasion for hysteria; but the necessity is greater than ever for the promulgation of sound and practical ideals. In the name of all that is Spartan and heroic, let us preach sanity and health. This much does every craftsman and every manufacturer who aims at excellence rather than quick returns, every concern that stands for legitimate enterprise and sound business principle, every corporation that declines to corrupt the ballot by political donations, every man who works for the love of the work, every sincere and upright soul that refuses to be defiled in the name of money.

If any young man to-day has time or inclination for reflection, he may well pause to inquire for himself into the nature of re-

sources and determine in what sense and to what extent money is one.

Money he must have, but how much can he afford to pay for it in time and energy? If he be wise he will conclude it is worth so much and no more, that it cannot possibly be worth *all* of any man's life, and that only a fool will barter health or honour for it. He will see that while it may allow him to indulge some hobbies, and to surround himself with beautiful things, this will not greatly avail unless at the same time it gives him leisure to enjoy them and to cultivate his taste; that while it will permit him to travel, neither is this of much account if he must go burdened with the worries and details of his business; that it will enable him to more fully express himself in the world, provided there is in him anything worthy of expression; and that while money buys no friends, it may sweeten association with men and permit that most comfortable and selfish of pleasures —doing good

He will conclude in short, if he be wise, that money is an excellent thing, worth some of his time and thought, but not worth his peace of mind; that the toys of grown up children may be reckoned among the good

things of life, provided freedom is not the price paid for them, yet better still are the things which are without price; that if he has found his work in life, money is far from being the only good which it yields and but an indifferent resource compared to the love of the work itself; and he will not surrender the joy of an independent spirit for the wealth of Crœsus.

If any sturdy and self-reliant man, heeding the monitions of the Soul, take such a stand, he shall see how vain and foolish is the world's opinion, how false its ideal, how shallow its pleasure; its success a chimera, its life of moiling and toiling, a sleep-walking. With the help of the gods he shall set for himself a new standard of success—a man's, not a fool's, success; he shall aim first to *be*, to possess himself, that his money may serve the fuller expression of an inner worth in place of advertising an inner poverty. And if peradventure the gods have smiled upon him in the matter of this world's goods, he shall not be deceived, being wise, into supposing the facts of life are altered by any accidents of circumstance, but shall go earnestly and serenely about his work, knowing that the love of friends and the love of the

work, that beauty and wisdom and freedom, more precious all than rubies, are bought, not with what a man has, but with what he *is*—are the true measure and value of man himself.

CHAPTER XIV

VOCATION

WHILE the labourer is worthy of his hire, in that which is done for love and not for money must always lie the deepest satisfaction. The association of money with creative work may easily be a strained one in finer and over-sensitive minds. Genius and work are twin brothers. But genius and commerce, though they may assume an intimacy, can never be friends, and commercialism has blighted one by one the arts and crafts of the past: from its Pandora-box have come the enemies of beauty. Machines which take the place of hands but never of the heart in work, turning out rubbish in the name of art, have despoiled metal working, wood carving, furniture making and ceramics.

It is the base doctrine of this commercialism that we shall produce what will sell in art as in trade—a doctrine that strikes at the

root of all good work. If the people want cheap calico, supply them; and for a like reason, if they demand cheap and sensational books, write them. It is only because in every age some brave and inspired men have refused to abide by this tenet of mediocrity, that any good books and operas have been written, or any good pictures painted. Men are poets and painters in spite of the times; as there have been saints in spite of the devil. The world is as loath to encourage the living as it is eager to eulogise the dead.

Now, love of the work is one of the most practical and intimate of our resources—not love of the result, not love of fame, but of the work itself and for itself. Happy is he and favoured of the gods whose vocation is worthy the consecration of his life and effort; miserable indeed that man who has no heart in his work. Work is purpose, and without purpose we cannot truly be said to live. A man's work should be commensurate with his ability and congenial to his taste, yet everywhere we find men doing badly that for which they are not fitted. The truth is they are not working but merely getting a living. Men who should be farming are trying to preach, and men are trying to farm

who preach by their failure. None have confidence in themselves and all blame society.

The fault lies in this: that the love of good work is not the mainspring of the world's activities, but rather the love of money. Mark that man whose concern is that his work should be well done. He is one among thousands whose fear is lest they do more than they are paid for. As for the rest, they merely serve as sleepers upon which to lay the rails of progress.

Creative work is one with the life of the artist—the child of his brain and heart. More than with any other calling is his vocation the result of choice, and in so far, it is superior. If a man is by inclination and fitness a merchant, it makes not so much difference what he sells, provided he be a good merchant. For he has the same reason to stand for sound business principles as the painter for true principles of art; he shall love equity as the artist loves beauty, and both shall hate quackery and pretence. He may put himself into his work to the extent that he builds on solid foundation and conducts his affairs with judgment. But how do they justify themselves who thrive on sham? Wooden-nutmeg men whose every

label and every advertisement is calculated to deceive. It is doubtless prosaic enough to manufacture soap or glue, but there is at least the satisfaction of producing good soap and honest glue, of building up a sound institution which shall be known for its worth and dignity; and in these days this is no small matter.

There are so many ways of doing a thing, so much room for ingenuity and ability, such opportunity for tact in handling men, for judgment and humanity in dealing with employees, so much that is over and above the consideration of profits, that the intelligent manufacturer, if only he has a heart in his work, can find abundant exercise for his faculties, can make a vocation, prosaic enough in itself, interesting by reason of its demands on his skill, his taste, and his character. We are as a people mechanics rather than artists; we can devise a pulley more readily than we can harmonise colours. Consider the vast amount of material manufactured for our use and how much of it is an offence to the eye, all because the manufacturer had not taste, nor sense of the fitness of things. He made so little of his work, who might have made so much; he put so

little into it of a man, and hence derived from it only dollars, only material profit, and no spiritual or intellectual profit.

It is plain that a man's vocation is a resource in the ratio that it is an expression of himself. He will derive from it with interest as much as he has put into it in moral and intellectual quality. He must invest himself as well as his money. If the nature of his vocation is such that he cannot do this, it is surely a poor investment and will prove a treadmill or a prison. We grow through expression, and it follows that a vocation which absorbs the greater part of a life should offer opportunity for self-unfoldment instead of being a continual suppression and inhibition of all that is best in the man. He finds himself, let us say, through necessity or inheritance, manufacturing nails, who is by taste a bibliophile. To him nails are abhorrent. But he may none the less reveal himself in the character of his concern, and in the equity of his financial dealing, while he may always take satisfaction in overcoming obstacles, and in the sense of doing something well. If he be of an ethical turn, there is always room for the elevation of business standards and methods, and improvement

in the relations of employer and employee. Thus may he find a solace in his occupation, though nails remain forever unbeautiful to him.

You will see many men who have well invested their money; few who have made a good investment of themselves. Surely it were wiser to be content with less money, if need be, in order to follow a calling agreeable to one's taste and temperament; to be willing to pay something for the privilege of congenial work. The poor artist or scholar who loves his easel and his books is well paid in spite of his poverty. Nothing stands still —least of all man. Subject to the law of growth, he must forge ahead; he must expand, develop, grow, or wither and shrivel. Since his vocation is in such large measure his life, let him take care that it admits of his growth and fosters his development as a man. Let him not live in his calling like a forest tree doomed to dwindle in a flower pot. Some men are made by their occupation, being true to themselves; others are unmade, being true to what they falsely consider the demands of their vocation. These do not see that success or failure, one as much as the other, are the tests which the laws, not of

trade, but of God, apply to us. Some great men have succeeded in failure, and a host of little men are failing in success. Men who aver that their moral obliquity was essential to the financial development of the institution they represent, illustrate the unmaking of a man through his vocation. Such poor dupes teach by their mistake the necessity of a revision of popular ideals of success. More and more we have heard that it lies in financial prosperity; more and more we have come to believe that the end justifies the means. The doctrine is pernicious. The real end, it now appears, is often enough suicide or the penitentiary. Never has the lesson been more clearly expounded than in this last decade. An inglorious chapter in American history, it is not altogether deplorable if it deals a blow to false doctrines in thus brutally revealing their logical outcome.

What then is success? As to wealth a man is no richer than his moral and intellectual capacity. Wealth does not exist for man apart from character and resources. If he has not these he is poor in spite of everything. He cannot be said to possess anything who does not first possess himself. The idea of merely accumulating money

satisfies no true concept of life. It is a disease germ in the world-thought which has infected the minds of an unthinking and uncultivated public. A true success can mean nothing less than the advancement of the whole man; not of a part of the man at the expense of the remainder. He is not an efficient athlete who develops his muscles at the cost of his heart; and neither is he truly a prosperous man who fosters in himself business shrewdness and address to the detriment of the qualities of the heart, the moral fibre, or the faculties of the intellect. While man has machine-like qualities and animal propensities, he is neither merely a machine nor an animal, and his well-being lies in that which is essential to his intellect and his divinity. If a man lacks philosophy or insight, if he lacks judgment or taste, he is in that degree incomplete and not well rounded. The stoics could cite few examples of pure stoicism; just so in an age whose watchword is success, we can point to few really successful men. As for heroic qualities, you have but to read the doings of the Spanish pioneers, or the French missionaries, or the Acts of the Apostles to conclude that we have none—a conclusion warranted

by appearances but not by faith. The factory whistle drowns the Spartan fife, that is all. We have grown deaf; but let us hear the call to battle and we shall straighten again to the stature of men.

Success is merely the fruit, not the tree, and there can be no good fruit unless there is first a well-nourished and well-developed root, stem, and branch. Men wish to gather without planting good seed, or caring for the tree, or giving it time to mature. None gather other than they have sown. As surely as the tree and the fruit are one, so are cause and effect one and inseparable in us. Time ripens the fruit—time and sun and rain; the waters of the earth, the very solar system conspire to that end. And in our work we must not be content to gather green apples and windfalls, but we must patiently wait till the fruit is ripe. Let us not stupidly judge all aims by one standard. The only universal test is that there shall be sincere effort and good work. You can build a cheap house in a day, but the great cathedrals of Europe were years in building. It takes a decade to acquire the rudiments of a profession; a life-time to be an authority in any science, several life-times to be a philosopher. Tenny-

son was fifty years in completing the *Idylls of the King*. Consider how long Ghiberti worked at his bronze doors; how many years Rousseau and Millet awaited recognition in their art; with what patience were advanced those theories upon which now rest the natural sciences. If a man is consecrated to his work, the day is too short, life is too brief. Pictures were not painted nor epics written in the hasty and perfunctory manner in which we transact affairs. What did Shakespeare and Dante and Homer get for their work? What was Plato's salary, and how did he live on it? We have not yet paid these men what we owe them. But doubtless their townsfolk wondered what they were about, and why they did not do something practical "to get a living."

The day's work has not yielded its full result unless it has become in some degree a resource, and this it does only in so far as you have put yourself into it. If you have not already found your calling, do not for that reason slight your present task, but regard it as in a sense a preparation. So may you some day look back and see that it was a substantial stone in the structure. In everything you do, believe that you may

derive character that shall fit you for a better task. To him who so lives and labours there can be no such thing as failure. Make the present task an ally and not a foe to your life work. It may teach perseverance and concentration if nothing more; it may give you the grammar of all good work. A man may write a clever book if he has talent; he cannot write a really good book unless he has talent and character. Talent is native, but character is developed. Many work well enough because they have to, but would be shiftless and idle if the pressure were removed. Such men are no more than machines which run because necessity winds them. Few behold the pattern at which they are at work; they see merely the thread in their hands, weaving it from day to day without reference to any complete and harmonious design. Nothing worth while was ever done without overcoming obstacles and contending with adverse conditions; nothing is permanently overcome unless we first overcome ourselves:

> Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough.

Doors open to the strong and close to the weak. There are higher laws than the doc-

tors preach. Heredity and determinism are the scapegoats of incapacity and impotence; the freedom of the will is ever the gospel of strength.

If indeed you have found your work, be faithful, be true. Believe in yourself though the heavens should fall, and heed what your enemies say for they sometimes tell the truth. Ask and ye shall receive. Every man who persistently tries to do something above the level of the stupid and commonplace, who will not sell himself with his work, has in him an element of greatness. Verily he has his reward though it be his portion to be forever misunderstood. Let him take heart and shape his destiny for that sphere where

> Only the Master shall praise us and only the Master shall blame;
> And no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame.
> But each for the love of the working, and each in his separate star,
> Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are.

You are waiting for your ship to come in; meanwhile upon a silent shore are drifting caravels from some undiscovered East. To-day is a new day; to-day the world lies before

you plastic to your will. It wears any face you give it.

"I need not good fortune; I myself am good fortune," said Whitman, and all who live from above and not meanly from below, understand him. Let us live and work in the expectation that we shall some day be surprised out of our little prudence into doing something good at last.

Your practical man will say with some justice, that scorn of the commonplace leads to dreamers and dilettantes. So it may; some poets have taken to drink, some bankers to the penitentiary, but all do not so. Lest my meaning be misunderstood, let us inquire into the nature of the commonplace. It is a question of motive. I knew a poor artist who more than once was at the point of starvation but worked on, faithful to his ideals. He could make a fair living by designing theatre posters but preferred his crust, his attic, and his shabby clothes to the cheapening of his art. The sad part was that his work was indifferent. But his motive was the mainspring of all good work, and set the man apart. There are others who all their lives have been content to paint sketches that will sell, and only such as will sell.

Their work is clever enough, but the men themselves are mediocre and will never progress in their art. If you paint pictures or write books, merely to sell them, you are commonplace though your calling is not; and if you manufacture nails with the idea, not only of selling them, but of making the most excellent nail that can be made, you thereby redeem an ordinary vocation by the excellence of your motive. If your profits do not seem to justify your efforts, none the less you have a reward without price—that your vocation is in some degree a resource to you. It may seem commonplace to hoe beans, but one who wields the hoe to earn money for an education or to support a mother instructs society itself in nobler things. Mediocrity is not so much in the calling as in the man. Nothing is more commonplace than selfishness and insincerity, while that life is not without its excellence, even nobility, which is consecrated to unselfishness of aim or to the love of good work.

CHAPTER XV

PLAY

IN that hard and narrow concept of life which admits of no play, we see the world as the Puritan saw it, as wintry within as without. His Spartan sense of duty was bound up in his Puritan unplayfulness. He drank rum to the glory of God, but he was not merry. That grim sense of duty, that abnormal capacity for taking himself seriously, he bequeathed to his descendants. The children's teeth are still on edge for the sour grapes he ate. But the rigour with which he regarded life and religion, we keep for business, branding with the scarlet letter of contempt the man who has not made money, that his shame may be known to the stern and fanatical worshippers of the terrible god, Trade.

I shall be accused of exaggeration, but how is it possible to exaggerate the pitiful absurdity of worshipping so unlovely and

unloving a god? And why should not one regard him with the same curiosity or indifference that he might Quetzalcoatl, or Juggernaut, or the Japanese Wind Devil, without every one's exclaiming, "blasphemy!"? 'T is heresy to be sure, but so was Christianity; so were the rotation of the earth and the circumnavigation of the globe. What may be said of play is perhaps equally pertinent to the subject of leisure or of rest, or better still of recreation, which is the real significance of play, a significance both psychological and physical. If we do not play enough it is not because we are averse to it, but because we are overfond of business and because the modern ideal is, not a well rounded man of cultivated mind, healthy body, and divers resources, but a rich man, a man of property,—of one resource only. Another reason is that play implies leisure and, as we have seen, leisure is the cardinal heresy against the religion of trade, the dogma of business. The orthodox view is a life of constant effort followed by retirement and rest. The fruit of that doctrine is a host of prematurely old men, cynical, dyspeptic, nervously depleted, without resources, but with money; that is to say, dead men. Play

is to be the portion of senility alone, of first childhood and second childhood. Man, however, is not a machine and must perforce relax his activity occasionally; but for lack of time and of resources many find that relaxation in dissipation rather than in recreation, in stimulation rather than in repose.

The heresy, then, of the unorthodox resolves itself into this, that it were wiser to distribute that leisure through life, applying it to avocation and to play, that is to *re*creation. To offset the wear and tear of living there must be a building up. Apart from any philosophy of life, there are sufficient grounds for this view in expediency and common sense. If it is cruel for a man to work his horse to death, it is no less stupid and cruel that he should work himself to death. While we hear a great deal of dissipation the most prevalent form is that of overwork. Men are desperate and intemperate in business that they may die rich; as if it were commendable to arrive in port with a broken shaft as long as we have made a quick run. Why be in such haste to arrive at so uncertain a port and not take at least some comfort on the journey? Nervous wrecks among physicians and preachers, heart disease among athletes, neurasthenia

everywhere, indicate that all are going under forced draft. We stand on tiptoe, we overdo everything, we strain every nerve; in other words, we have hysteria. We need to rest, to relax, to play, to *re*create ourselves.

Physical exercise serves this end only when it is judiciously indulged in and some degree of pleasure and satisfaction derived. A mere moving of the arms and legs is of no avail if there is no change of thought. Perfunctory exercise is work, and what we need is not more work but play. Let there be some exhilaration, and it becomes beneficial. While mind is paramount and the quality of thought the essential thing, the state of mind is influenced in turn by the body; that is, the mind influences itself by its changing consciousness of the body, and for that matter, of clothes, the outermost integument. After all, the body is a sort of garment; our philosophy in part a philosophy of clothes. But the *liber*, or innermost garment, being of flesh, is built from within. Man changes his mind with his clothes and renews himself with his daily tub. He must be deeply intrenched either in philosophy or in savagery to be superior to these things. The consciousness of being well-dressed like the consciousness of being

clean is to be counted a mental stimulus, as is any true and positive thought. While the worldly mind engages itself solely with body and clothes, with integuments that is, it does not follow that the ascetic wholly concerned with interior states is much nearer the truth. A husk is not the corn but it is essential to the perfect ear. In every walk of life there is a middle path, and this surely is the straight and narrow way which few follow, so broad and inviting to mankind is the path of extremes. While Christian Science would have us take no thought of the body whatever, hygiene concerns itself with the body alone. One sees man as a spirit with no garment; the other as a garment with practically nothing inside. We may safely assume, however, that that which has an inside must have an outside. But in the name of common sense not less than of philosophy, the mind should control the body and not the body the mind.

Exercise has no value apart from the mental states it indirectly induces. It is of no use for the tired and worried man to run if he does not run away from his cares. As a matter of fact the ride or the walk may do just this for him, calling into use a different set of faculties and transferring the cerebral

activity from one area to another. A region of his mind used in his vocation lies fallow in his play and is renewed. That which he might consciously do for himself through thought-control has been accomplished for him by his horse or canoe. The means are different; the end is the same. It must be confessed that the state of mind is more readily changed as the result of a brisk walk than by any mental effort to that end. Next to that which is oblivious of the body, surely we may praise the consciousness of bodily poise and well-being which frequently succeeds some vigorous and agreeable exercise and a cold bath. Not the least of our resources lies in a moderate and wholesome athletic life, inducing concepts of health and vigour and a pleasant realisation of physical life itself. Animal rather than intellectual, it is not unspiritual in that it is moral and sane; animal but not sensual, for sensuality is emotional and intellectual rather than physical.

It is true, with some qualifications, that athletics make for morals as well as for health. More efficient are the regulations of the trainer than the homilies of the moralist. Aware that excesses will debar him from the

college team or crew, the ambitious young athlete is content to live with a Spartan rigour. As much may be said of the ethics of sport, which teach how to give and to take in good part and inculcate self-control. Boxing was well-named the manly art. Let us never withhold praise of honest sport. There has never been a better school for the training of manly qualities than the foot-ball field, and if, as its critics assert, it has so fallen from its high estate that the means are subordinated to the end, and fair play is lost sight of, why then it is no longer a gentleman's game; nay more, it is rotten timber and will fall to earth and lie in the heap with other dead wood which is crashing about our ears. No game can stand the commercial rot, more insidious than the dry rot; professionalism can never be other than a curse to athletics. If it creep in, the gentleman must walk out.

In athletics, as in everything else, we overdo. We strain for results and lose the satisfaction in work and in play for themselves. Statistics in life insurance companies show that athletes are short lived. Exercise is a resource only in so far as it is exhilarating and agreeable. This is its mental value.

Physically, it is not the muscular so much as the nervous system which it is important to strengthen. Here we break down, and it is the nervous system again which we should aim to benefit by relaxation and play. Wherever the muscles are developed at the expense of the heart, which is very likely to occur in the training of oarsmen and sprinters, it is a poor exchange. A sound heart is far more to be desired than great physical development, and an efficient nervous system is a more valuable asset than bulk or strength.

While the rational mind must take cognisance of the body and its well-being, it is obvious above all things that the body shows forth beliefs true or false. Eat we must, but whether the diet be raw meat or turnips is not of such great consequence. Rather is it the frame of mind in which we eat that should concern us. Common sense and moderation are of more value than special diets or special exercises, and first and foremost is healthful thinking. Common sense would dictate that we devote more time to sleep, to relaxation, to outdoor life; dine moderately, bathe freely, breathe deeply, for air is food of a sort, and beyond this the less thought taken of the body, the better

Come let us play! Let us forget the importunate world; let us even lay aside our self-improvement and relax for an hour in the sunshine, careless of what we have or have not. One is too pompous to play; another too tense. Some carry the round world on their backs; others are afflicted with self-righteousness. Some are inordinately drunk and some inordinately sober. Life is so different from what it seems to this desperate crew in their desperate haste, haunted with fears and obsessed with beliefs. Would that some merry god might pipe a compelling ditty that would cause them to forget their vices and their virtues, that they might dance with one accord in place of such fruitless toil, such sorry dissipation, and perchance the scales would fall from their eyes and the child sight be restored to them.

God ever speaks to man in nature. Woods and fields beckon to the heavy ladened; the trout stream invites us to get down the rod and cast a fly upon the swirling water. In our ears the sea sounds its call that we become lotus eaters upon an enchanted beach. To saunter is as good a relaxation as any, were it not that we incline to take our troubles with us. Before we can relax we must first

be diverted from our customary train of thoughts; we must get out of ourselves.

Sweet are the uses of companionship in this regard; sweet the uses of society, if society it be. Conviviality affords a means of escape, and who shall say us nay, so long as moderation preside at the feast, so long as we "look not down but up to uses of the cup!" Some aver that a long face is the mark of virtue and these be the modern Pharisees whose dissipation is not wine but often enough a gossiping tongue, and whose vice is the cold heart. Hypocrites, wearing the solemn face of Sunday, the genial publican shall enter the kingdom before them. Blessed are the cheerful! blessed the merry hearts! Be assured that virtue lies in joy, in cheerfulness, in sunshine—not in cold, not in darkness, be these without or within. No time for play, no time for courtesy, no time to be kind! What a madness it is; what a foolish frenzy! Rather than this let us seclude ourselves in asylums; let us make room for men whom the gods shall send.

If you have no time to play, confess that neither have you time to live. What is this occupation that so absorbs? Are you digging at the roots of things that you may build

somewhat worthy a master builder; or does your little hour pass in scratching the surface like a barnyard fowl that you may fill your stomach, jealous meanwhile lest another too should get a worm? Alas the dismal counterfeit of life, that scratching for worms should be the end of man, and the worms should get him at last!

Come, brother, recreate your life! A merry heart is good medicine. Consider what an infinitesimal speck upon the earth is man, what a mote in space the earth itself! Where are the men of yesterday, and who can recall the name of his great grandfather! How ridiculous this arrogance, this pride, this solemnity! We toil and moil upon this little floating ball, that we may erect one grain of sand upon another, only to sink into the dust ourselves before it is accomplished. So insignificant is the man of flesh and all his works. Yet it is different what the divine man, who like a ray from the great sun, emanates from and has his life in God; and it is in his passive moments of receptivity, in his relaxation, it may be in his play also, when his heart is mellow and kind, that his divinity shows forth, as the sunbeam gilds the floating speck of dust.

CHAPTER XVI

HOBBIES

IF our vocation be the result of necessity wholly, unrelieved by any love of the work, we may with more reason take refuge in hobbies which are the result of inclination alone. Our hobbies are our intellectual play, that is, our avocations. They offer an escape from the prison of suppression—if such it be—into the sunlit field of expression. Every man should have a hobby, or better several; for if he has but one he will very likely ride it to death. I shall be understood to speak of hobbies of course, not as caprices and whims, but as interests. Yet who can say what satisfaction some poor wight may take in his crochet—whether it is eating grass or going barefoot, socialism or microbes—a microbe in his brain in any case.

A crochet may unbalance the mind, but every true resource lends it breadth and stability. To get out of oneself is the main thing, and this the hobby aids in doing by

transferring the consciousness from aches and pains, from prejudices and opinions, from that which is personal to that which is universal in its bearing—arts and crafts and sciences. A whim on the other hand pins the consciousness the more on self. One is freedom, the other imprisonment. Common men, aside from their vocation, think only of eating and drinking; an intellectually resourceful man has various little worlds into which he may retire. The nature of these hobbies will depend somewhat upon his income, but the aptitude and capacity for them depend, not upon income, but upon intellect and cultivation. Houses, philanthropy, and collecting are the natural hobbies of the rich. But let us remember he is first who creates a picture, he next who can appreciate it, and he is last who can merely possess it.

What money satisfies is the sense of ownership, very dear to the heart of man. That he has paid for this bit of pottery so many good doubloons, and has it under lock and key, is somehow peculiarly appealing to him. But his it is not, in truth, unless he has also an intimate understanding and a subtle feeling for it. That understanding he may

acquire through study, but that feeling is born in him. Your true connoisseur does not see his jug as a detached object, but as a link in a chain, a species in that great family of ceramics as old almost as the human family itself, whose genus is Persian, or Chinese, or another. Its association is not only with art but with anthropology as well, with religion and history and politics; for it was evolved not alone from the thought of an individual, but out of the life of a people. It possesses racial characteristics, and by the earmarks you shall know it was made in this period, or in that; again it reveals the impress of an alien influence, always associated with either conquest or religious propaganda. Even more than religion or history have geography and meteorology an influence on the artistic life of a people. The wonderful desert in moulding its children, moulds their art-forms as well and lends them its colours. The palm suggested the dome, as the pine the Gothic spire, and only to desert nomads would the rug and the water jar have assumed such importance. As their religion confined them to geometric designs, so did the desert itself both inspire and limit their ideas of beauty.

All this your connoisseur learns from his

"Sufi pipkin," or querulous pot, in addition to the secrets of the craft itself. He knows, for instance, that the artist did not, as is now done, let the glaze run off the bottom and then grind it even, but with great skill stopped it at his pleasure as it slowly enveloped the surface with its iridescent mantle. The jar has secrets of firing and colouring not easily read, not always divulged. What it does reveal is the superexcellence of the work of those ancient potters compared with any modern work of the kind. It commends itself not so much by its age as by its worth. How rich then to the wise and feeling eye is this marvellous bit of clay which, investing a spirit of the dim and mythical past, woos the fond collector with its storied charm—the very soul of that ancient artist, the ghost of a buried race. No wonder he seeks the society of his treasures, for they are to him the mystic presence of ancient Babylon, of Persia, of old Japan—mementos of a Golden Age of good work. That which is common to them all, that which is fundamental because universal, is beauty. As it was in the mind of the artist, in the mind of his race, so it is in the mind of the collector: the cosmic neces-

sity which, as it bestows upon the flower, colour and form, inspires the artist to so endow his work. These jugs and pots in the treasury of the collector may well come to have a personal and friendly significance to the master of the house, familiar with the facts of their life, their vicissitudes, and their triumphs, and drawn by a bond which knows not time to the heart of the master workman who fashioned them.

An unlettered man can have slight comprehension of the joy of the scholar in his books; much less can he understand the infatuation of the bibliophile in his first editions, his rare copies, his hand-tooled, crushed levant, and morocco bindings. No more does the objective type of mind comprehend that mind which is subjective; nor the man of action, the man of thought. We are so exaggeratedly one thing or the other, so intellectually narrow in our sympathies, that the peculiar force of one type appears as inertia to an opposite type. Resources broaden the intellect, as suffering and experience widen the sympathy. The narrowness of the wholly commercial mind is only equalled by that of the mind which is pedantically intellectual or fanatically religious.

Behold your man of books, fond, foolish lover that he is, mooning over his treasures! He dotes on his Elzevirs; he fondles his musty tomes. He would go without a coat to buy an old book; without his dinner to gloat over its worn cover, its mottled page. It would doubtless surprise his associates in office or factory to know that this man has another life from that which he leads with them,—a double personality; that apart from the humdrum existence of price lists and letter files, he has hours of a glorified life. They know him as the president or manager; as the book lover he is a stranger to them, and they cannot so much as set foot in that paradise into which he escapes from the day's turmoil. His assets are thus greatly in excess of his common rating. He has here a property paying interest independently of market conditions. He is a wiser investor than they, and holds securities not commonly listed but of exceeding value; wiser because he has invested in more than one world. He has some stock in the world of letters, some in the sphere of art, and that part of himself lives well on the income which in other and less astute investors actually starves for lack of any income whatsoever.

What we see in a thing is a matter of attention and preparedness. We do not perceive an object merely because it is contiguous; it may be under the nose but not in the field of consciousness. As there are none so deaf as those who do not wish to hear, there are none more blind than the uninterested. Naturalists see birds and flowers where others see none, and connoisseurs detect distinctions invisible to the tyro. Both are good observers, both apperceive in a more complex way than uninterested and uninformed persons. If your hobby is bronze, it goes without saying your cherished vase is not the same to you as it is to another who has no such passion. It is thus interests enrich life, and naturalist and collector live in worlds more complex and more beautiful than the world of other men.

The nature of one's hobbies appears to be in large measure a matter of temperament, of feeling for things. One man feels instinctively for bronze, another for clay, another for horse flesh. Something in us—mystic and unfathomable—establishes a sympathy with etchings or engravings; and in another with painting or with marble. This same thing attracts one to the sea, one to the mountains, some to the wilderness,

others to gardens and farms. From his tastes you may draw reasonable inferences concerning the man. We show ourselves in our likes and dislikes and particularly in our hobbies, wherein we are free agents. Observe that the fisherman is not the same man as the hunter; that he who has a penchant for the saddle horse and he who takes to racing a motor car have subtle points of difference not easily detected in themselves perhaps, but here plainly revealed. Again that one who loves a book for its binding and one who loves it for its contents are seldom brothers; or that he whose affinity is the violin could never take to tooting a horn.

Some aboriginal traits flourish in the hunter; and these are modified in the fisherman by poetic or philosophic leanings. He who inclines to stock raising as a hobby has seemingly a more direct inheritance from pastoral than from savage and nomadic stages of evolution. To him the markings of fowl and the points of sheep, of cattle and dogs and horses, appeal with all the force of an Elzevir to the bibliophile or a peachblow vase to a collector His heart is in field and stable and kennel and not in library or museum; and the point is, that these things have not to him the

common meaning they have to uninterested persons, are not considerations of beef and mutton, eggs and milk, but matters of form and breeding which evoke from him effort, interest, and pride. To breed good stock is to him quite as worthy an end as to encourage good art. A cow is a cow to a bibliophile. Not so to your gentleman farmer, however, to whom the pedigree of stock has all the dignity of canons and traditions of art to a painter.

While collecting is the hobby of a rich man, appreciation may be equally the hobby of a poor one. Pictures in the museum serve him very well, and a library card entitles him to more books than can be read in ten life-times. He lacks only the sense of ownership.

But the great resource, that which is accessible to all, and of which fewest avail themselves, is nature. Without deeds or titles, with no claim but that of ear and eye and heart, no tax but such as his intellect and sympathy pay, one may own the woods and fields, the everlasting hills and the opal sea. Men wondered what Thoreau was about; seeing him so poor in vocation, they failed to perceive how rich was he in his avocation.

Where others had but farms and woodlots and mortgages, he had a vast and beautiful estate in nature, unencumbered and yielding him a continual revenue. Such is ever the lot of the lover of the wild. From the turmoil and perplexities of the world his soul shall flee as a bird to the mountains. He knows the companionship of forest trees, the solace of laughing waters; his the unfailing society of little birds, the gentle company of woodland flowers. Where others see but loneliness and desolation, he experiences the joys of solitude, of shy and charming friendships.

Whatever the hobby, its influence is not alone upon character, but upon age. While sympathies broaden the mind, interests keep it young, and the more interests we have the slower we are in growing old. Age is an atrophy of the faculties through lack of interest, of enthusiasm, of use. We are as young as our hearts and that heart is still youthful, though the years be many, which has treasures in books, in art, in nature. Equally valuable are our avocations as a means of expression. It matters little if we have not genius; if with violin or cello, with pencil or brush, we can do reasonably well

and are capable of doing better, we have several means of exercising the faculties and of keeping alive our interests. Parts of the self are brought into play which would otherwise perish for lack of recognition. We must keep alive as much as we can, not alone in root and stem but in every limb; for dead wood encumbers the tree and mars its symmetry. The dilettante with no life work is a tree dying at the root; while the worker, with no interests aside from his treadmill, is a tree sound at the core it may be, but blighted in leaf and flower. All men are partly dead from lack of cultivation; in each some faculties are nourished at the expense of others, some are starved. None are completely nourished; none are wholly alive. Hearn somewhere comments on the first cry of the Japanese babe which, being translated into speech, means good-bye. To what is the little soul saying good-bye? he asks. It is perhaps to some world of beauty to which it has just died, which seers and poets dimly recall in their moments of ecstasy. Do we not die to that world as one by one fade the early perceptions of beauty, as one by one are closed the channels of expression? Such indeed is the sad truth. Yet there have been miracles;

for such is the vitalising power of immortal words and works, that the dead have been known to hear their message and to come forth from the grave.

CHAPTER XVII

HOME

HOME, like heaven, is not a place but a condition, for which we are fitted by love and trust and for which every insincerity disqualifies us. Like the body itself, it is the expression of the inner life. As a house is but an outer integument of the physical man, the home is an expansion of his mental and moral self, or more properly the composite family-mind or self, a mental atmosphere whose condition is dependent both upon the individual members and their adjustment one to the other. The basis of this delicate adjustment is necessarily love and wisdom; love, showing itself in affection, in sincerity, in kindness, considerateness, and forbearance; wisdom, in tact, in judgment, in understanding of character and temperament, in understanding of life itself.

When thought is tinged with feeling it reacts most readily, and it is for this reason

we are so susceptible to the mental atmosphere of the home: it is personal to us and involves the emotions. Psychic relations of family life are peculiarly intricate, and the suggestions to which the several members are more or less subject are very complex and very potent. That "every man's house is his castle" has a peculiar significance when applied to the home in this subjective sense. If the psychic relations are harmonious, if home is indeed home, then is it a fortress of moral and spiritual strength wherein the fortunate inmates are spiritually nourished and morally invigorated. In the ideal home then, in this spiritual fortress where love and harmony prevail, man has a resource which, like religion, like philosophy, endows him with strength and fortitude to meet life—a resource which above all others shall solace and comfort him. But if a house be divided against itself, then is it never home; and far from a fortress of strength to its inmates, it is a psychic atmosphere in which they are severally depleted and debilitated. Such a castle of despair is easily taken by every assault of despondency and unrest, of vanity and folly, from without.

Fundamental among institutions, the fam-

ily is the bulwark of national life and of society. Whatever strengthens it, strengthens the individual and invigorates the nation; and the decay of family life marks the beginning of the end. While the sacredness of the home is as obvious to our moral sense as the necessity of credit to our commercial instinct, we are slow to realise that the foes of the home are too often they of the household. The house falls because it is built on sand and not on the rock foundation of love, harmony, and peace. If the inmates fall ill it is because of the sickly psychic atmosphere, or the spiritual cold in which they live. With all our efforts regarding pure air and proper sanitation, we are stupidly indifferent to the even more practical necessity of a pure mental atmosphere, free from disease germs of fear and malice.

Observe your neighbour, what are his household gods? and you shall know in what state he lives. Wherever the medicine chest has dominion, in that house darkness prevails and fear lurks privily. Again if Disapproval sit at the head of the table, there shall be no peace in that abode; and if Criticism come in at the door then shall Love fly out of the window. But count that house, wherein

tact is supreme, among the wonders of the world.

Everything that can be said in this wise will prove an oft-repeated homily, a platitude which must crave pardon for its appearance. Yet the fact remains that there be many houses and but few homes; that the world is full of homeless men and women, and what is worse, homeless children who, while they are sheltered and clothed and fed, have never dwelt in that state of harmony which nourishes the better part of us and shelters us from the rigours and discords of life. In venturing upon this topic then, it is with the hope that, in place of a homily on the virtues, which answers no purpose, there may come to light some less obvious truth, which shall serve to emphasise the peculiarly subtle nature of the psychic conditions essential to a home, as distinguished from a house; and furthermore, in the belief that any consideration of resources would be far from complete were no account taken of the possibilities of home which, while it fosters the cultivation of resources, is in turn the beneficiary.

Good intentions count for so little; wisdom for so much. Well-meaning people make such trouble in the world. Is there a bigot

in the family? Heaven help that house! Is one member bent on directing the affairs of the rest? Surely the Lord chasteneth. Is there a self-appointed critic among them? Inexorable is karma. But if love prevail, then shall it be the aim of each to remove the beam from his own eye; and if all be faithful in this, perchance none shall see the mote in his brother's eye. Fatal to love, fatal to happiness is the critical habit. Shall the hand criticise the foot because it walks merely and cannot write; or the eye, the ear, because it hears only and cannot see? As if one were not as essential as the other. Let the members make themselves useful each in their several capacities, and for this profoundly significant reason, that if any member shall fall sick, the health of the whole body must suffer. Let the eye encourage the ear to hear, and the ear the eye to see, and let each member acknowledge its indebtedness to the rest and conserve the well being of the whole. We know our whims and foibles, and if we have any duty, it is that we should aim to remove them wherever they conflict with the general welfare. If we do not this much, let us never again prate of charity, for charity beginneth at home.

If there is one thing more than another which disturbs the harmony of family life, it is this critical habit, this inclination to restrict the liberty of the individual. It needs not that one should express his disapproval; it is enough to look it. A thorn in the flesh, a cinder in the eye, it is his function to irritate that others may acquire merit through forbearance.

Expression, not suppression, is the law of growth. The individual must have liberty, as the plant must have room. Give a healthy tree soil and sunshine and it tends to develop symmetrically. But the symmetry of a fir is one thing, the symmetry of an oak another. Now the atmosphere in which the individual best develops is one of freedom, with encouragement and example to be considerate and thoughtful of others. This is the norm; selfishness is a distortion. He may count himself fortunate who learned the lesson in youth, for it is with difficulty acquired in later years. It is spiritual health and counts for more than a good constitution. Home is the one school for this superior education, which both the world and the college supply indifferently if at all. True it is, that nothing wholly compensates for the lack of early

training. Breeding is not alone in conduct; it is in ideals as well—right thinking in place of wrong, true ideals in lieu of false, considerateness instead of selfishness. It is what we are that counts. No man has a better friend than himself, or a more subtle foe. A pampered child becomes a selfish man, that is to say, his own worst enemy. The youth who at home hears but criticism of his neighbours, who is told that money is the chief end of man, who is encouraged to get on in the world at the expense of others, is handicapped for life, for any true living, and only his good angel can ever free him.

One of the curious facts of psychology is our awareness to the peculiarities of others, our blindness to our own. You will see grandames persisting in the prejudices of their youth, though it is a patent to all that that particular whim has been a thorn in the flesh of yonder quiet old man these fifty years. We will not believe that it is the little things that count, that the straw breaks the camel's back, that the dropping of water wears away the ledge. Put on your prejudices when you go abroad if you must, like chain armour, but take them off at home. If you have imitated the chestnut burr, only the

frost—only the frost of life—shall open you and reveal the kernel. Alas, when the burr opens, they may be dead who cared. We do not inquire, it seems, as to the cost of our whims; but they are paid for, it may be, in peace of mind, in the peace of the home—and the price is ruinous. Be it written upon the walls, that egotism is not individuality. Home is the only form of socialism that will ever succeed; but you can have no community of egotists. Let the socialist, then, answer whether he has been able to establish a community of two, before he prates of the communal idea.

Home is a condition depending upon the recognition of higher laws, upon uncommon as well as upon common sense. Domestic economy is not alone a matter of household expense but far more of spiritual economy, will economy, nerve economy. It is not necessary the house should be swept and garnished at the expense of our peace of mind. By all means let us be clean, but let us have peace as well. We desire only that we shall be unobtrusively dusted, not assaulted with dust-pans, with din and clatter and ostentation of domestic virtue. If the grocer's bill is excessive, give us, O ye gods,

wisdom, to inflict our displeasure on the grocer and not on the family, for that is more expensive still. If we have not slept, or the breakfast is cold, or the furnace out, we may still pursue wisdom and virtue, and the less said the better.

Let us never forget, with our groaning self-sacrifice, our morbid sense of "duty," that our first concern is to be cheerful and serene. If duty is the only mainspring of our life, it is but cold comfort to the household. That is home in which love rather than duty reigns. By what rhyme or reason should one daily present himself a nervous invalid and snivel of virtue? We should rather dine upon porridge and have some semblance of life in us. It is not worth while to live with the furies with no end in view but over-eating and over-dressing. Much of our economy is a robbing of Peter to pay Paul. We save a few cents but waste our nervous energy. The house is swept but our minds are disordered. We manage to pay our bills but fail to discharge our debt to the home; and not while the world stands is this debt paid in money alone.

The belief held in Japan, not only in ghosts of the dead but in ghosts of the living, finds

some sanction in recent disclosures concerning telepathy and the subliminal self. It is perhaps more than a fiction that there escapes from us in the varying emotions which clothe the personal self, certain astral and vaporous selves or emanations having a tentative life, which haunt the psychic atmosphere, falling upon its sunshine like shadows, felt but not seen. True it is, that depression steals over us, we know not why, that vague unbidden fears come, we know not whence, to fasten upon our very vitals. If there be not unity in love, then more readily in that atmosphere of unrest these shadowy ghosts of false emotions, these ignoble selves of us, creep from their dark corners to mingle with ghosts of the past.

In unity is strength and there is no unity without loyalty, none without love. Home building is an art and a science. The past masters of this spiritual architecture are few, for its qualifications are wisdom and love—great love. In a sense, the spirit of this age is not conducive to the cultivation of the home, for the same reason that it fails to foster our resources in general. Ever and forever it is what we are that counts; if we are money-making machines, if we live a

harassed and desperate life, if the world has made us cynics, we cannot possibly do justice to the home. Only the best in us will serve there, only sincerity will avail, only goodness will answer. It searcheth the heart, even as solitude, aye, even as God. As we are too busy, too engrossed in affairs to cultivate our resources, so often enough we are too hurried to construct a home. There is only time to build a house. No time for friendship, no time for courtesy, no time for living! Finer relations are sacrificed for the coarser ones of life. Men live in museums, in prisons, in sepulchres. Not in these need we expect the delicate blossoms of trust, of affection, of companionship to mature and perfect themselves.

Home requires of us something finer than goes into the world's affairs; something superior to business tact and ability—a more delicate diplomacy, a more spiritual culture. It is not to be had as a matter of course, like a house or a stable. It demands the most exquisite adjustment of one to another; it demands purification and renunciation. It is impossible without love, without loyalty. Such is the foundation; the temple reared thereon is superior to any temple made with

hands. Worship at that altar, that sacred altar of the hearth, is not of the lips but of the heart, is perhaps the purest religion we know.

THE END.

Mexican Trails

A Record of Travel in Mexico, 1904--1907, and a Glimpse at the Life of The Mexican Indian

The author spent three years in the country and is more competent than others to write about it. He has sympathy for the people and understanding of them.—*New York Sun.*

Beyond its excellence as the characterization of a traveller of picturesque spots, is the insight of the book into social, political, religious, and human problems.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Kirkham is gifted with descriptive powers of a high order, and it is not bestowing too high praise when we say that at times he reminds us of Theophile Gautier. Here are some vivid bits of word-painting not unworthy of the great French master of prismatic prose. . . . The author of *Mexican Trails* travelled far and wide, away from main travelled roads, and saw much that is hidden from the ordinary traveller. A keen observer with an eye for the picturesque, the skill to record his impressions in a striking and realistic way, his book is a welcome addition to the literature dealing with a fascinating land.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

He did not view the country from the car window, but as a wanderer over its mountains and plateaus, from the Texan border to the Isthmus, and from one ocean to the other.—*New York Times.*

He has seen with his own eyes; he has felt the witchery of the place through his own senses: he here reports what he has seen and heard and felt.—*New York Herald.*

There are passages in *Mexican Trails* so irresistibly funny that only the hopeless misanthrope will be able to refrain from a hearty laugh; and there are other passages in which the author has described scenes characteristic or charming with a deftness of word-painting and a grace of diction worthy of enthusiastic praise.—*Providence Journal.*

The author is not only an excellent observer, but is also a poet in his descriptions. The book is quite as entertaining

as literature as for the great fund of information it contains.—*St. Louis Post Despatch.*

He writes pleasantly and with a distinct gift for rendering vivid pictorial effects with a genuine touch of poetic feeling and sentiment. . . . In brief Mr. Kirkham's book may be read with much pleasure and profit.—*Boston Herald.*

If one may not go to Mexico himself, the next best thing is to sit down with Mr. Kirkham's book and give orders for no disturbance till one has strolled to heart's content among picturesque places whither the author can so delightfully lead.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

A pleasant departure from the ordinary book of travels; *Mexican Trails* carries the reader into all sorts of by-paths and out-of-the-way places —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The pictures drawn are not snapshots from a car window. They show the sympathetic touch of an artist. There is much of the dreamy style of Lafcadio Hearn.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

No traveller in Mexico can consider the preparations for the trip quite complete unless they include a reading of *Mexican Trails.—Evening News, Newark.*

He is a charming companion. He sees all that is beautiful, and that he is invited to look at, with an artist's appreciation.—*Hartford Courant.*

Mr. Kirkham, already an author of experience in other fields, now gives a charming picture of Mexico. He does not attempt to instruct; the book is an impressionistic painting, full of the atmosphere and color of the real Mexico—the Mexico of the Indian trails. . . . Mr. Kirkham has traversed many miles of territory still untouched by modern civilization, and his pictures of Indian life are full of feeling and pathos, relieved by touches of humor. . . . The narrative is refreshingly free from statistics and chapters on the financial resources of the country and the political situation. As an artist is said to catch the expression of his model, so Mr. Kirkham has succeeded in portraying the individuality, the elusive spirit of Mexico.—*New York Evening Post.*

The Philosophy of Self-Help

An Application of *Practical Psychology* to Daily Life

Unlike some books on Psychology, this keeps to the line of thought marked out for it in the introduction. The author quite surprises you by revealing yourself to yourself so clearly. . . . Before you have finished the book you have lost sight of all except yourself and your kinship with your author. . . . And the charm and fascination does not die with the last chapter. For again and again you turn back to this chapter or that and read it once more.—*Boston Transcript.*

"New Thought" has suffered so much from the bad English and philosophic obtuseness of its exponents that one is glad at last to find a book written not only in good English but also with a precision of thought, a sequence of ideas that are understandable and answerable. Mr. Kirkham expounds a practical philosophy, a popular philosophy. Let us know the truth, because it will keep us well and sane.—*New York Times.*

Mr. Kirkham's work is distinguished by its sanity, its vigorous logic, and its directness and clarity of thought — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"The Philosophy of Self-Help" is the most uplifting and helpful book of its kind which we have had this season.—*Baltimore News*

The book will make its appeal especially to such as feel the need of a clear and concise practical presentation of a true mental science.—*Louisville Times.*

The "sweet reasonableness" and "sanctified common-sense" of the author's view-point, added to his high aim, abundant knowledge, and admirable vigor and lucidity of style, should give his book a wide field of influence.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Certainly any sincere seeker after aid in living a happier and more effective life may find it here. The simplicity of his statements and the nature of the ideals presented make direct appeal to the inquirer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Kirkham has succeeded admirably in incorporating in his book the theories of the best psychologists and the latest discoveries of the powers of the mind, arranging his facts logically and clearly so that they appear with a new force.—*Columbus Journal.*

The book occupies the middle ground between the faddists, who go to all extremes in their advocacy of mental culture to secure physical health, and those who care nothing for these things. The doctrine that he teaches is mainly that of self-reliance, and that is the most important doctrine that can be taught to the weaklings and faddists of our time.—*The Christian Register.*

Mr. Kirkham has applied philosophy to life in a helpful and delightful way. He has a good philosophy and a good view of life, and they come together most satisfactorily in this book, which any one can read and enjoy.—*Journal of Education, Boston.*

A work of its soundness and simplicity is certain to find its audience everywhere —*Chicago Tribune.*

His discussion has the merit of presenting practical truth in a fashion that interests the reader while it appeals to the common-sense. The book is an unusually clear and convincing study of an interesting subject.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Stanton Davis Kirkham, hitherto known only as an apostle of the beautiful, has written a book which should place him high among the world's best philosophers.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

His doctrine may be too Spartan for the weakling and the milksop, but it is the kind that makes the man. It is a doctrine of self-reliance as opposed to the theological dogma of relying upon another to save us from the effects of sin, and the medical dogma of relying upon a prescription to free us from the effects of self-indulgence, wrong-thinking, or defects of character. There is much common sense in Mr. Kirkham's theories and he has written a healthy and helpful book.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Scientific, though free from technicalities.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Ministry of Beauty

Treated in a bold and confident way, yet with clearness of vision and vigor of expression.

His essays are notable for a fearless optimism that is not only stimulating but convincing.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is a book that will give health and comfort to many people.—*Boston Times.*

Mr. Kirkham has stated old truths in a singularly attractive and winsome form, and it would be hard to speak too much in praise of his gentle insistence on the pursuit of the beautiful as the royal road to individual evolution and the peace that it brings.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

An exceedingly helpful volume.—*Boston Globe.*

The author writes very well; he has evidently thought and read seriously. He reveals a sincere sympathy for the ideals he prescribes for others and an ardent response to the loveliness of nature which he maintains will lead to the higher beauty of the things of the spirit.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

The author says many true and inspiring things and says them with a brilliancy that reminds one strongly of Emerson. —*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Some people are going to get a deal of enjoyment out of this book: others there be who will look and wonder why it was ever written. Those who dip into it and get the habit will find it possessing the power to hold.—*Denver Republican.*

The literature of reflection has an addition of considerable merit in the "Ministry of Beauty."—*Rochester Herald.*

It is a book that you can carelessly place on your parlor table with the comforting conviction that any one turning its pages will find it serviceable, and sure to teach good to our kind.—*Portland Oregonian.*

The style is brilliant as well as poetical, and has the touch of delicate humor which so refreshingly removes all sense of morbidity when one is thinking seriously and feeling deeply. —*Portland Press.*

Where Dwells the Soul Serene

The book is full of quotable passages and it is worth careful reading by those who look on life as something better than the pursuit of money or pleasure. — *San Francisco Chronicle.*

The volume is full of hope and strength for those who accept its teachings. It ought to carry inspiration to many world-weary people.—*Toledo Blade.*

Very much of inspiration is to be gotten from pages like these. The author has evidently read widely, pondered deeply, and that he is able to think somewhat originally and write exceedingly well his readers will readily grant.—*Boston Budget.*

The style in which this unpretending book is written has a touch of Emerson about it—sometimes a glimpse of Ruskin. —*Minneapolis Times.*

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